

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

The Crucial Test

THE London Daily Express, hitherto a tart critic of Soviet international policies and manoeuvres, has categorically declared that Russia wants peace, and the paper calls on the British government to "show readiness to come to an accommodation" with the Kremlin leaders to achieve this end.

The paper's assertion regarding Soviet peace desires has since been echoed by Mr Khrushchev in London who has affirmed "Russia wants peace and not war." This is not a new refrain, though at the moment it has been given a new setting. This time it is being sung by the two top men in the Soviet hierarchy in a man-to-man performance before Britain's political leaders. The next seven days should show how true are the notes of the Russian songsters.

Mr Khrushchev's little sermon on what Anglo-Soviet relations should be was by no means devoid of sense, and most certainly much of it was reassuring, notably his insistence that Russia, far from desiring to split Anglo-American friendship, hoped the current London talks would assist Britain in bringing the United States in closer friendship with the Soviet Union.

THE one thing absent from Mr Khrushchev's speech was any hint that when he and Mr Bulganin got down to hard cases with Sir Anthony Eden they would be prepared to make concessions for the settlement of outstanding international problems. Lip service to co-existence will not provide their lasting solution.

The crucial test of the London discussions will be whether Sir Anthony and his guests can successfully correlate the basic conceptions of the Democratic and Communist worlds of how lasting peace is to be attained, and thereafter agree on a formula for its realisation.

Mr Khrushchev has said the West must not ask the impossible of Russia. The free world is entitled to the same consideration. It is in such councils as the UN disarmament subcommittee that the Soviets impose their rigid, and therefore impossible, demands. Let Russia modify and make more flexible her approach to this sort of problem, and the world of peaceful co-existence which Mr Khrushchev desires will be that much nearer.

# RUSSIA WONT USE VETO

## Willing To Help Mid-East Settlement

### LONDON TALKS LATEST

London, Apr. 20.

Russia has indicated she will co-operate with the West to reach a Mid-Eastern peace settlement through the United Nations, informed sources said tonight.

She was said to have intimated she will not use her veto powers in the Security Council to sabotage Mid-Eastern peace efforts.

But, the sources said, she has made it clear that she will resist any Middle East settlement outside UN in which she does not participate.

British and Soviet Government leaders discussed the critical Mid-Eastern situation during a sweeping survey of Cold War issues in the first three sessions of their "little summit conference" here.

An official communiqué said that Premier Sir Anthony Eden, Marshal Nikita Khrushchev and Nikita Khrushchev also reviewed Anglo-Soviet relations, European questions and disarmament. The communiqué disclosed no details. It merely added that sources said the price for co-operating in a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

#### BASIS FOR PLAN

But informed sources said the proposals mentioned in the communiqué would be the basis for an agreed plan later to be submitted to the United States, France and other interested Powers.

The Middle East, it was disclosed, was discussed this morning for two hours. Informed sources said the Russians intimated their willingness to co-operate with the West in a settlement through the United Nations. However, they were said to have stressed their opposition to any attempt by the West to fix up affairs in the Middle East outside the UN without Russian participation.

The Russians were said also to have made it clear that they still oppose the Baghdad alliance, although there was no indication that they demanded it be scrapped as the price for co-operating in a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

The British and Russian leaders meet again tomorrow evening and on Sunday morning at Chequers, Sir Anthony Eden's country residence.

The sources said it was expected they would look then at the Mid-East proposals which representatives of the two countries have been assigned to draw up. In addition to agreement to handle the Middle East issue through the UN these were expected to provide for halting of the flow of arms to the Middle East by both East and West.

The Soviets had been expected to propose a new friendship pact between the two countries—an idea to which the British are cool. But informed sources said no such proposal has been put forward yet.

They also held what the communiqué described as "preliminary" talks on the European situation—the German unity question.

Informed sources said the Russians appeared ready to make no concessions on this question, though Eden was expected to take it up again at Chequers.—United Press.

#### Loud-Speaker

##### Assails

##### B & K

London, Apr. 20.

A hidden loud-speaker hurled insults at Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev and Communist Party chief, Nikita Khrushchev, when they arrived for a visit at Greenwold Naval College today.

The loud-speaker, hidden by fog, boomed out repeatedly: "This is the League of Empire Loyalists. Here come Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev. They are here to destroy mankind and disrupt our Empire. We ask you to use your influence to prevent these men from destroying all the things that we hold dear."

Bulganin, Khrushchev and their hosts ignored the loud-speaker. The League of Empire Loyalists is tight-lipped. The police were searching for the hidden loud-speaker.

On their arrival at the Naval College, the Soviet leaders were introduced to British officials and then went into the famous Hall of Paintings, where they were entertained to dinner in the name of the three British armed forces, the Navy, Army and Air Force.—France-Press.

#### Boycott Decision

Paris, Apr. 20. The Poulade anti-tax movement, which has 47 deputies in the French National Assembly, tonight decided that they would boycott the Assembly until further notice.

The decision was taken at a joint meeting of the Poulade deputies and the national bureau of the movement, attended by M. Pierre Poulade himself.—Reuter.

#### China Mail

##### Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The Pochontas—one of the world's strangest stories, by C. Baker-Carr.

P. 6: The hunt is on—continuing "The Ven-geance of Private Footy." Rene MacColl has something to say about the difference between the U.S. and Britain on Middle East problems.

P. 7: Majdalan meets Monroe—she has a need for every man. Daphne Fielding tries out housekeeping in Tangier's Kasbah.

P. 8: What comes after death? Terence Feeley's report, Anne Sharpley interviews Merle Oberon.

P. 13: Don Edson, following the Flag around the Commonwealth, reports on Hongkong. Peter Russo reports on the rise of Japan among Asian nations.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

#### Reds Want British Ships

London, Apr. 20.

Russia is likely to suggest to Britain during the Soviet leaders' visit that exports of British ships should be a key feature of any Anglo-Soviet trade deal, Russian sources said today.

But British officials here said that such a Soviet offer would almost certainly run up against the Western powers' embargo on the shipment of strategic goods to Russia.

Sir Anthony Eden is known to be determined to resist any attempt by Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev to get Britain to contravene the restrictions imposed by the Western allies.

Russian sources said the Soviet Union would be interested in placing orders for a wide variety of merchant ships, tankers, cargo vessels, and "factory" ships to accompany whaling and fishing fleets.—Reuter.

#### Soviet Note On Nuclear Tests

London, Apr. 20.

Russia has sent a note to the United States declaring that nuclear tests in some areas of the Pacific are contrary to the principles of the United Nations Trusteeship Council and the principles of international relations, Moscow Radio reported today.

The Soviet note was in reply to a communication from the United States government to the Soviet Embassy in Washington regarding "plans for the carrying out by the United States of nuclear tests in the Marshall Islands, which is a trusteeship territory under the United States," Moscow Radio said.

Moscow Radio said the United States communication had stated that a large area of the Pacific Ocean would be declared a "danger zone."

The Soviet note was delivered by the Soviet Embassy to the State Department on Wednesday, Moscow Radio said.—Reuter.

#### MINE DISASTER

Lagos, Nigeria, Apr. 20. Seven miners killed and 43 others seriously injured today when a wall in the Iva Valley coal mine at Enugu collapsed, according to reports reaching here.—United Press.

#### Premier Bereaved

Dublin, Apr. 20. Mrs Costello, wife of the Irish Prime Minister, died today in a Dublin nursing home.—Reuter.

#### Five Die In New Wave Of Terrorism

Havana, Apr. 20.

Five persons were killed in Santiago de Cuba this morning in a new outbreak of terrorism.

The dead included two soldiers, one policeman and two 21-year-old students.

Santiago police said about a dozen unidentified persons in three cars mowed down the soldiers and policeman in dawn attacks.

An Army intelligence statement said it was investigating reports that orders to unleash a wave of terrorism had gone out from La Chata Ranch, owned by former President Carlos Prío Socarrás, four days ago.

Yesterday, four students and one soldier were injured in Santiago during student demonstrations before the Court building where a group of student leaders are on trial on charges of illegal possession of hand grenades.

All Schools were closed in Santiago and students walked out from classes in sympathy stoppages in Havana, Camaguey, Pinar del Rio de Sancti Spiritus.—United Press.

#### Soviet Sailors Do Window-Shopping

Portsmouth, Apr. 20.

Trade was slow when the decisive shop opened here for the sailors of the Soviet warships which accompanied Marshal Nikita Khrushchev to Britain.

Most of the customers, with eight shopping days ahead of them, were "just looking." Officers have £10 to spend and ratings between £2 and £3. Safety razors at 5s 6d were the most popular buy.

# HUGE CROWDS WATCH BIRTHDAY PARADE

## Colourful Pageantry In Kowloon

The birthday of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was celebrated in Hongkong this morning when thousands of men and women of the Combined Services marched past His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, in an impressive parade.

Huge crowds began to gather along the route of the parade early in the morning, and were lining the sides of the road—10 deep in some places—by the time the parade began at 10 o'clock.

The impressive military display, highlighted by the mechanised column of tanks, transport vehicles and artillery pieces, and a spectacular fly past by the Royal Air Force and the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force, lasted for over an hour.

The parade was divided into four phases. A Royal Salute of 21 guns was followed by a Feu de Jole; then came the march past the Governor by a marching column of the three Services and a drive past by a mechanised column of the Army, a fly past by the RAF and, finally, at 12 noon a Royal Salute of 21 guns fired by Royal Navy ships and the saluting battery from Signal Hill.

H. E. the Governor, arrived at the saluting base in Gascoigne Road promptly at 10 a.m., and was received by H. E. the Commander British Forces Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton, and the Service Commanders.

The 1st Battalion The King's Own Royal Regiment then gave the Royal Salute, and the first six bars of the National Anthem were played while the Governor's personal Standard was broken and fluttered over the saluting base.

The next part of the ceremony, representing the symbolic arrival of the Queen, was when Sir Alexander, the Commander British Forces, and the Service Commanders, vacated the dais. The Governor's Standard was slowly lowered and the Royal Standard was broken to the strains of "God Save the Queen."

#### 21-GUN SALUTE

A 21-gun Royal Salute was fired, followed by three volleys of a Feu de Jole and the playing of the National Anthem in two parts and finally in its entirety. The troops on parade then gave three hearty cheers for Her Majesty.

Her Majesty was then represented as departing. A Royal Salute was given, the bands played the National Anthem and the Royal Standard was lowered. The Governor and his party resumed their positions on the dais, and the march past began.

Leading the parade was Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley, Commander Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison, who was accompanied by Captain B. Pengelly, DSC, RN, and Group Captain A. J. Smythe, OBE, DFC, RAF.

At the head of the marching column came the contingent of the Royal Navy, led by the combined Royal Marine and Royal Navy Bands of HMS Newfound-land. This consisted of detachments from HMS Tamar, HMS Newfound-land, HMS Cockade, HMS Modeste, HMS Opossum and the Royal Marines.

They were followed by an Army contingent, led by the Band of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, and consisting of the 24th Field Engineer Regiment, RE; 82 Independent (H.K.) Squadron, RE; 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, including their Corps of Drums; 1st Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment, including their Corps of Drums; 2nd Battalion The 7th Gurkha Rifles, led by the combined Pipes and Drums of the 2nd Battalion, the 7th Gurkha Rifles and the 1st Battalion the Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles; 48 Gurkha Infantry Brigade; 81st Company Royal Army Service Corps (Pack Transport); 4th Army Guard Dog Unit, Royal Army Veterinary Corps; Hongkong Chinese Training Unit, led by the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment.

Then, led by the Royal Air Force Band of the Far East Air Force, marched the RAF contingent. This was representative of No. 29 Squadron, RAF; the RAF, Kai Tak and Island Units; No. 91 Field Squadron, RAF Regiment (Malaya); No. 34 Police District, RAF.

#### THE RHKDF

The Royal Hongkong Defence Force contingent, led by Lt-Commander L. D. Kilbee, HKRNVR, came next—marching to the militant strains of "March of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force" played by the Band and Corps of Drums of the Hongkong Regiment.

The contingent consisted of detachments from the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, the HK Light Troops, the HK Reconnaissance Platoon, the HK Intelligence Platoon, the HK Home Guard, the HK Regiment, the HK Auxiliary Air Force, the HK Women's Naval Reserve, the HK Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, and the Hongkong Women's Air Force.

The drive past of the mechanised column aroused great interest among spectators when an impressive array of assorted military vehicles—tanks, guns and specialist trucks—rolled slowly by the dais. The column Commander was Lt-Commander C. T. Llewellyn Palmer, MC, who commands the Queen's Own Hussars.

This consisted of the Queen's Own Hussars and their tanks; the 18th Medium Regiment, RA; 18th Field Regiment, RA; 27th HAA Regiment, RA; 74th LAA Regiment, RA; 27 Light Battery, RA; 229 Light Battery, RA; Movement Light Troop, RA, and their searchlights; 24 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, and the Hongkong Signal Regiment, both with specialist vehicles; four carriers each from the 1st King's Own, 1st Essex, 1st Northampton, 1st North Staffs, 2/7 Gurkha Rifles and 1/10 Gurkha Rifles; vehicles of the Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Electrical Engineers.

When the last vehicles of the mechanical column had cleared the saluting base, the RAF and the HKAAF put on a spectacular fly past when their aircraft flew slightly south of Gascoigne Road from east to west.

This terminated the parade, and H. E. the Governor and his party left the dais shortly after 11 o'clock when Sir Alexander's personal Standard was lowered.

#### HE'S HANDY AT KILLING TIGERS

New Delhi, Apr. 20. Tiger killing is becoming almost too easy for a 60-year-old peasant in the village of Dighat in Uttar Pradesh (United Provinces). And his weapons are simple—a blunted stick topped with a spear and stones.

He has just killed his second tiger within a month with these weapons in the Almora area.

If he should kill a third by this means, it is feared he will begin to think that tiger hunting is a sport without danger.—France-Press.

#### Retires, Aged 101

Bayonne, N.J., Apr. 20. Sam Dorsey, who was born a slave 101 years ago, retired from his job in the Bayonne Municipal Public Works Department yesterday and applied for a social security old-age pension.—United Press.

Have you got  
the TWINS  
in your tank?



Are you enjoying the twin benefits of High Octane and Ignition Control Additive?

Ignition Control Additive gets the very best out of High Octane and the utmost out of your engine.

high octane  
...only Shell  
has both

It's the most powerful gasoline you can buy

Go Gay THIS HOME LEAVE WITH A DAZZLING NEW HILLMAN



This year, Hillmans don a new radiance... delightful new single colours or fabulous new two-tone colour schemes. They're as gay as a maypole, and as always, the Hillman O.H.V. engine gives top, high-powered, yet economical performance. See them and order yours for home delivery.

MINX DE LUXE SALOON  
MINX CONVERTIBLE  
CALIFORNIAN ESTATE CAR  
MINX SPECIAL SALOON

GILMANS  
132 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON  
TELEPHONE 68246

Which drink is the quickest quencher?



ALL THE DRINKS on earth the most refreshing and reviving is lime juice. This is a fact you can prove to yourself, in a few enjoyable seconds, next time the sun shines. You will also find that this cool clear cordial restores your energy on sultry, sun-drenched days. So the best idea is to drink lots of lime juice all the summer through—can you think of a more enjoyable health rule than that?

WHAT IS LIME JUICE? Purely and simply the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by those who grow their own limes. The juice, stored and sweetened, provides a natural and delicious fruit drink. To be sure of getting the real thing, ask specially for Rose's.

Lime Juice for Summer Energy  
The best you can buy is Rose's



# KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

CINEMASCOPE TECHNICALCOLOR



JEANNE CRAIN - GEORGE NADER - KITTY KALLEN - BERT LAHR  
MAMIE VAN DOREN - KEITH ANDES - PAUL GILBERT

JIMMY BOYD - THE MIDWESTERNERS - A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.

James Stewart in "THE FAR COUNTRY" U-I presents

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 12.10 p.m.

SPECIAL MATINEE

Satyra Roy Production presents an Indian Film of Love and Intrigue

"TAJ AUR TALWAR"

Starring Shashikala - Daljeet - B. M. Vyas

Maruti - Hecra Sawant - Altaf & Smriti Biswas

Directed by Dwarka Khosla - Music by Soodipt

At Regular Admission Prices

Next Change At KING'S & PRINCESS

CHARLTON HESTON - JULIE ADAMS

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON

PRINTED BY Technicolor

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"GOOD FUN!"

DANNY KAYE

THE COURT JESTER

GLYNIS JOHNS - RATHBONE - LANSBURY PARKER

Color by Technicolor and VistaVision

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Warner Bros. presents "FIGHTER SQUADRON"

RKO Radio presents "THE AMERICANO"

in Technicolor

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, director of

GUYS and DOLLS

patronized

TAILOR CHEUNG

during his visit in Hongkong by the

introduction of famous movie stars,

Cary Grant and William Holden

From left - Mr. Richard L. Guardian, Mrs. Guardian, Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Mr. Cheung Wood-hoi

Just arrived large selection of summer

materials including American Dacron

and British Mohair

\*\*\*\*\*

Theatre Lane, behind Queen's Theatre, Queen's Rd. C. Hongkong.

Tel. 33484. Telegraphic Address: "MYTAILOR", HONGKONG.

# FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films

In Pictures

The Lysistrata theme has been used often in stories.

In fact to a greater or lesser degree most women proffer or withhold their smiles to gain what they want.

Martine Carol (who incidentally is coming here towards the end of May) was last seen in the role, inciting the women of Athens (or Rome, I can't remember which) to bolt their doors against their husbands until they had agreed to give up their plans for war on their neighbours.

Now it is the usually peaceable Jeanne Crain who leads the movement. I'm glad to be able to report that she does not look like the popular conception of a female emancipator and although her speeches are fiery, her appearance is as alluring as ever. She rebels in "The Second Greatest Sex".

George Nader is the recipient of most of her verbal brickbats and the final place in the Kansas of the late 19th century.

Two rival towns are battling for possession of a safe containing the County records and the final resting place of the County seat.

It's all very light hearted and there are songs by Kitty Kallen and the rest of the cast.

Terrifying Film

"The Night of the Hunter" terrified me. The idea of two orphaned children drifting down a river, sleeping in barns, begging for food and being relentlessly pursued by a mad preacher intent on murder is one of the most horrible to be thought up as a film theme for years.

And what is worse is that it is so well done. The acting is brilliant; the photography frighteningly terrifying without being obvious; and the actors well chosen.

Shelley Winters is the mother of two young children. Her husband, tired of seeing his family in want, commits a crime for which he is evicted and executed. Before his death however, he manages to pass on the hiding place of the money to the two children. Cleverly he has not told the mother, realising that in spite of his love for her, she is not a strong character.

After her husband's death she is lonely and dispirited, until into the small West Virginia community comes a handsome preacher. He has a strong line in revivalist patter and a religious meeting he leads is full of talk of love, hate and hell-fire in an uneasy reminder of the mob-frenzy that can be worked up by pseudo evangelists.

Cold-blooded

Having shared the cell of the children's father he knows that there is a large sum of money hidden somewhere. But as all his attempts to discover the hiding place before his cell mate's death have failed, he has tracked down the family and insidiously inveigles himself into the good graces of the bewildered and simple Shelley Winters.

To give any further details of his cold-blooded, secret hounding of the children, of his merciless treatment of the trusting mother and of his macabre pursuit of the children as they try to escape would make "The Night of the Hunter" sound like a Victorian melodrama. Yet it is far from that. There is sound common sense in the character of Lillian Gish—an eccentric old maid who befriends lonely, lost children, and her defence (armed with a shotgun) of her charges as the delirious crowd round her house, sometimes visible, sometimes no more than a shadow is probably no more over-dramatised than that of a woman defending her home from a Mau Mau attack.

This is not a comfortable film. Its pervading feeling is one of gloom. Yet it is an adult film, and because of its infrequency in the film world the discomfort of being made to think in the cinema should be suffered.

'Whas' & Whistles

Howard Hughes the star maker presents "The Conqueror" and as a great part of the build-up he has given such stars as Jean Harlow and Jane Russell has depended on an appeal to the eye, you will know what to expect from "The Conqueror".

Visually it has been well produced and directed by Dick Powell.

Seldom have I seen Susan Hayward appear as lovely, as cool and as feminine. She goes through the film with a supercilious air that in view of its adoption by another film star

leader over the Mongolian empire in the 13th century that consisted of the whole of China, Central Asia, Persia and all Russia east of the Dnieper. However, the picture under review deals only — though spectacularly — with the period before his great conquests when he was known merely as Temujin.

I did not share the optimism of Pedro Armendariz at the end of the picture when he said that his counsel was needed no longer and that he had taught his blood brother all his wisdom. However, anything is possible in the realm of the cinema and to return to my earlier comment on "The Conqueror"—it's lovely to look at.

Rough & Tough

Some years ago I saw Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino in what I thought at the time was a most exciting and touching gangster story—"High Sierra". It may be that it has remained in my mind because my visits to the cinema then were few and far between.

Perhaps if I saw it again the reason that emotions of the past cannot be recaptured would make itself apparent. However, there is compensation in seeing what, although it is not admitted as such, is obviously a re-make of the previous picture.

"I Died a Thousand Times" has as its central character a criminal with the same affection for animals as had Humphrey Bogart in the earlier picture, the same shamefaced flashes of kindness and the same menace behind the low-pitched tone of voice.

The similarity ends there, for where Bogart always appears to be relaxed, the restless eyes and tense bearing of Palanca give him the appearance of being capable of instant and unhesitating violence, whereas Bogart is a graduate of the "don't provoke me or I'll get mad" school.

The story concerns a robbery that goes wrong, a killer's act of compassion in financing an operation on the club foot of a young girl (the disinterestedness of the deed is open to question when the young girl is Lori Nelson) and a lot of tough talk and rougher behaviour.

Shelley Winters has Ida Lupino's original role of the gangster's girl friend. Shelley Winters makes her a little more convincing though, than did Miss Lupino. The blonde Shelley seems to have the right sort of brassy dumbness that would see a hero in a killer who had very little time for her.

Pard, the lovable little dog who brings bad luck to all his owners is played by Daisy II, a son of the Daisy who has featured in all the "Blondie and Dagwood" pictures.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the screen audience is numbed to the stars in fur these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.









EIGHT English girls of the Festival Ballet Company at London Airport prior to leaving for Monte Carlo to dance at the wedding celebrations of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly. They are, from left, Lillemore Knudsen, Janet Gray, Norma Arnold, Shirley Scott, Pamela Davis, Diana Daubney, Gillian Vaughan and Valeria Pitkin. They performed a new ballet the evening before the wedding. (Express)

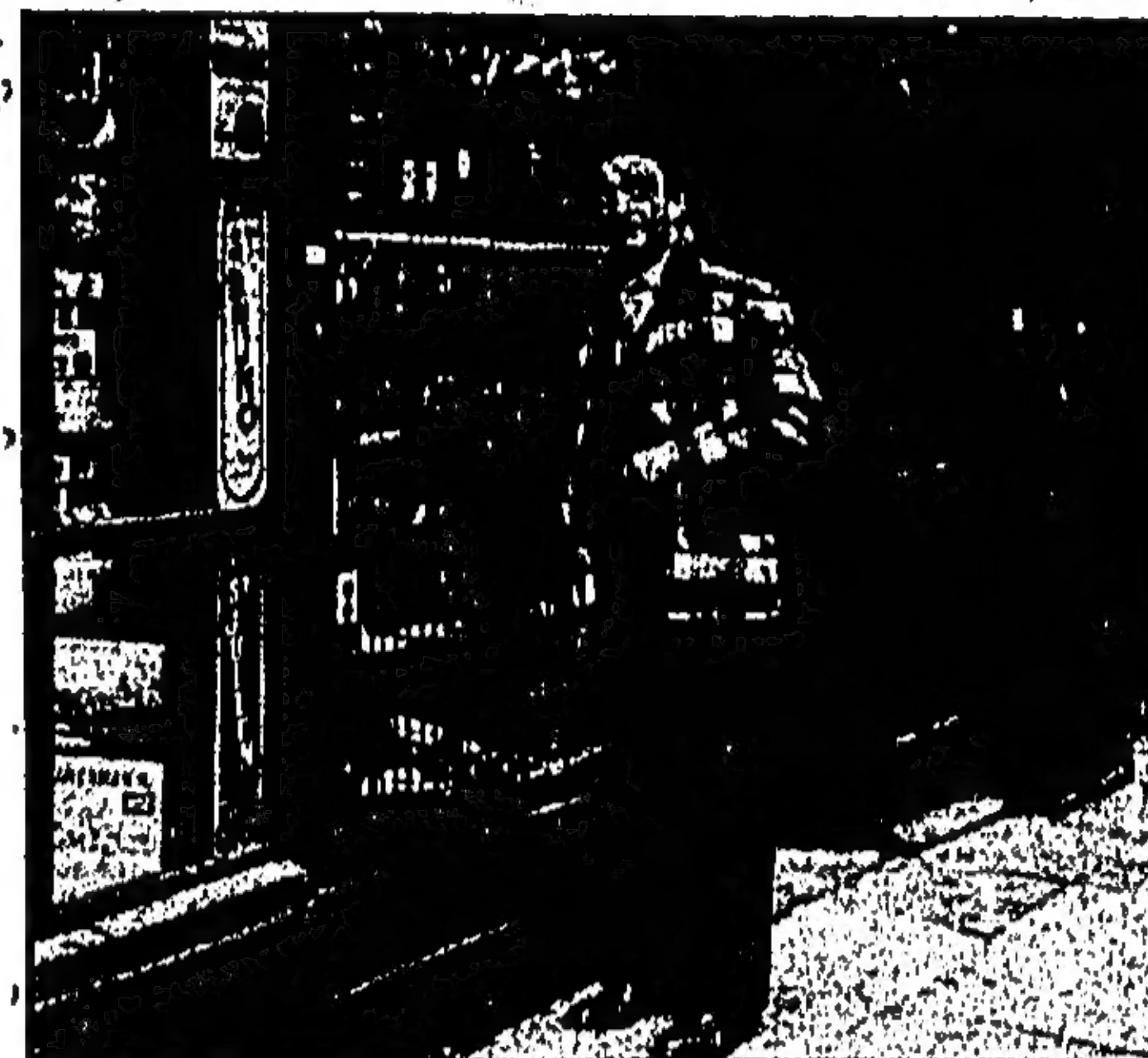
## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN stepping from her car when she arrived at St Margaret's, Westminster, to attend the wedding of her cousin, Captain Fergus Bowes-Lyon, and Mary McCorquodale. Police had to control the big crowds outside the church and the Hyde Park Hotel, where the reception took place. (Express)



LEADERSHIP course of Combined Cadet Force units of public schools and grammar schools at Stanford Training Area in Norfolk. Cadet other ranks going over the rope walk with thunderflashes bursting to give a realistic wartime effect. (Army News)



RIGHT: The Sunday morning quiet of Lisle Street, Soho, was suddenly shattered when a film unit appeared to shoot a scene for David Niven's new film, "The Silken Affair." Niven, who plays a City worker who cooks the books, is seen here going through his part. (Express)



LEFT: The Daily Express has adopted the new four-month-old Polar bear at the Whipsnade Zoo, and it has been named "Spitfire" following a choose-the-name competition among readers. Says Zoo Superintendent E. H. Tong: "Spitfire sums up its temperament . . . it can snap and snarl and bite pretty sharply." (Express)



WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh made a trial flight the other day in a Blackburn Beverley military transport, a fire extinguisher burst and choking fumes filled the cockpit, but he managed to keep control for another ten minutes and then made a perfect landing. Picture taken in the cockpit just before the accident. (Express)



MARGATE, South of England seaside resort, has 175 pub landlords. Len Hyett, 60-year-old landlord of the "First and Last," is the envy of them all. He can decant a bottle of beer, measure out a tot of Scotch or pull a pint of draught ale without spilling a drop. And he is totally blind. (Express)



THIRTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD ex-RAF type Gordon Nicholl, a collector of vintage cars, is photographed here with his prize model — a 1938 Horch which was once owned by Nazi Gestapo boss Heinrich Himmler. He bought it for \$165, and it does 18 miles to the gallon. (Express)



LONDON sculptress Anne Gunter working on a model of Prince Hal, show jumper of horsewoman Pat Smythe, seen holding Prince Hal's head still. (Express)

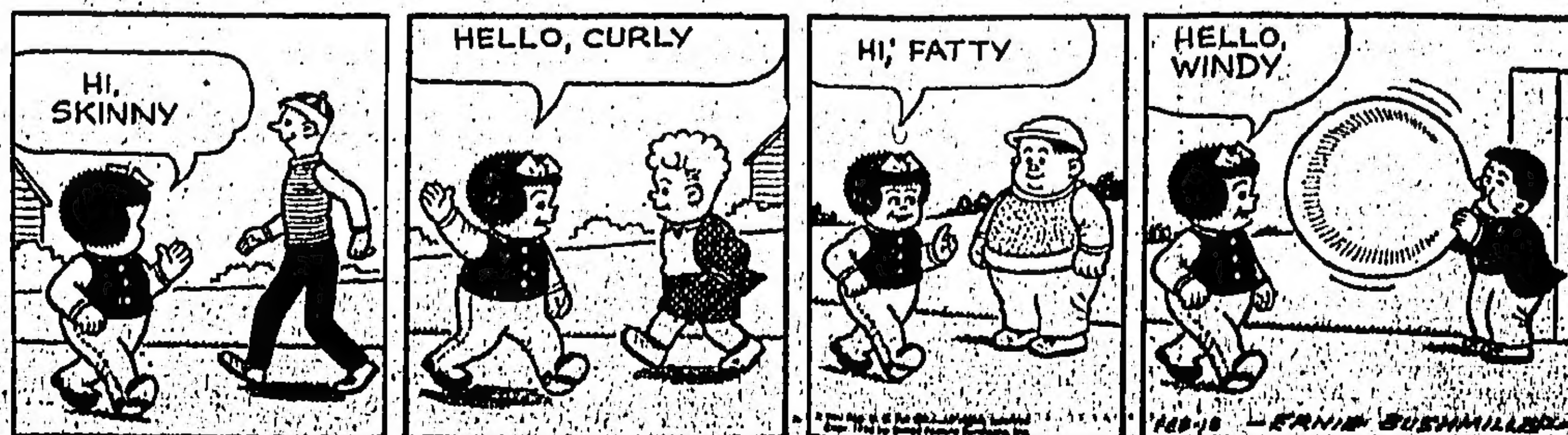
BRITISH film actor Anthony Steel has been dubbed "Iceberg Boy" after his engagement to Swedish actress Anita Ekberg. He is shown on his return to London from Hollywood. (Express)

INDIAN magician Sorenar, who performed in Hong-kong some months ago, startled London TV fans when he "sawed" a girl in half with a circular saw. The trick led to hundreds of telephone calls to the BBC by shocked viewers. (Express)



### NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



### ROWNTREES





## THIS MAY SHOCK YOU BUT—

We recently printed a New York cable pointing out the large attendance in American churches compared with those in Britain. Now, T. E. B. Clarke, the famous Ealing film writer on a US trip—then his personal observations of this "church boom" in Hollywood. They are printed as he sends them—without comment...

"YOU don't see empty pews in our churches," said the Hollywood citizen proudly. "That's more than you can say in London, isn't it?"

I conceded the point and switched to another topic, for I could not have continued the discussion without questioning the means by which churches are filled.

Perhaps I am unduly sensitive. Perhaps it may be said that these means are justified by the end, that if churches and preachers manage to draw large congregations by advertising themselves on movie screens, their efforts have the blessing of the Windy City's most notorious criminals of the gangster era."

What follows may seem shocking and irreverent to many people. If so, I trust I shall be excused from personal responsibility for I am simply writing a true and objective report of the way in which the religious leaders of Los Angeles appeal to the man in the street.

The visitor from Britain finds it difficult to take in his stride such a newspaper headline as "Was Jesus Framed?"—especially when he goes on to read: "His trial before Pontius Pilate analysed by Lloyd Heth, brilliant Chicago lawyer, successfully prosecuted some of the Windy City's most notorious criminals of the gangster era."

One blinks even more at attempts to introduce the sex angle as a churchgoing inducement. For example:—

**DISCUSES LOVE**  
The Rev. Brother Klyananda of Self-Utilization Fellowship will discuss love when he speaks at tomorrow's 11 a.m. service in the church at 4800 Sunset Boulevard.

But then one has only to glance at the pages of religious advertising to realise that the churches and their ministers believe in borrowing freely from the publicity methods of the film companies.

The lay-outs of these announcements bear an equally close resemblance to the movie ads. Take that of the Sky Pilot Revival Centre, to which the eye is attracted by an illustration of a jet plane and the notice in large black lettering: **SUNDAY AT 2.30 P.M. — HOLY GHOST RALLY.**

Or that of the Spencer Healing Campaign:—

**Men, Night—Water Baptismal Service. Sat. Night — Special Holy Ghost Night.**

The Soul Clinic International strikes a more original note:—

**MEET eleven missionaries** going out under sponsorship of Soul Clinic International. SEE missionaries in colourful native dress of countries to which they are going.

Some churches have their own slogans. Thus we find the Trinity Methodist advertising itself as "The church with the Warm Heart in the Heart of the City."

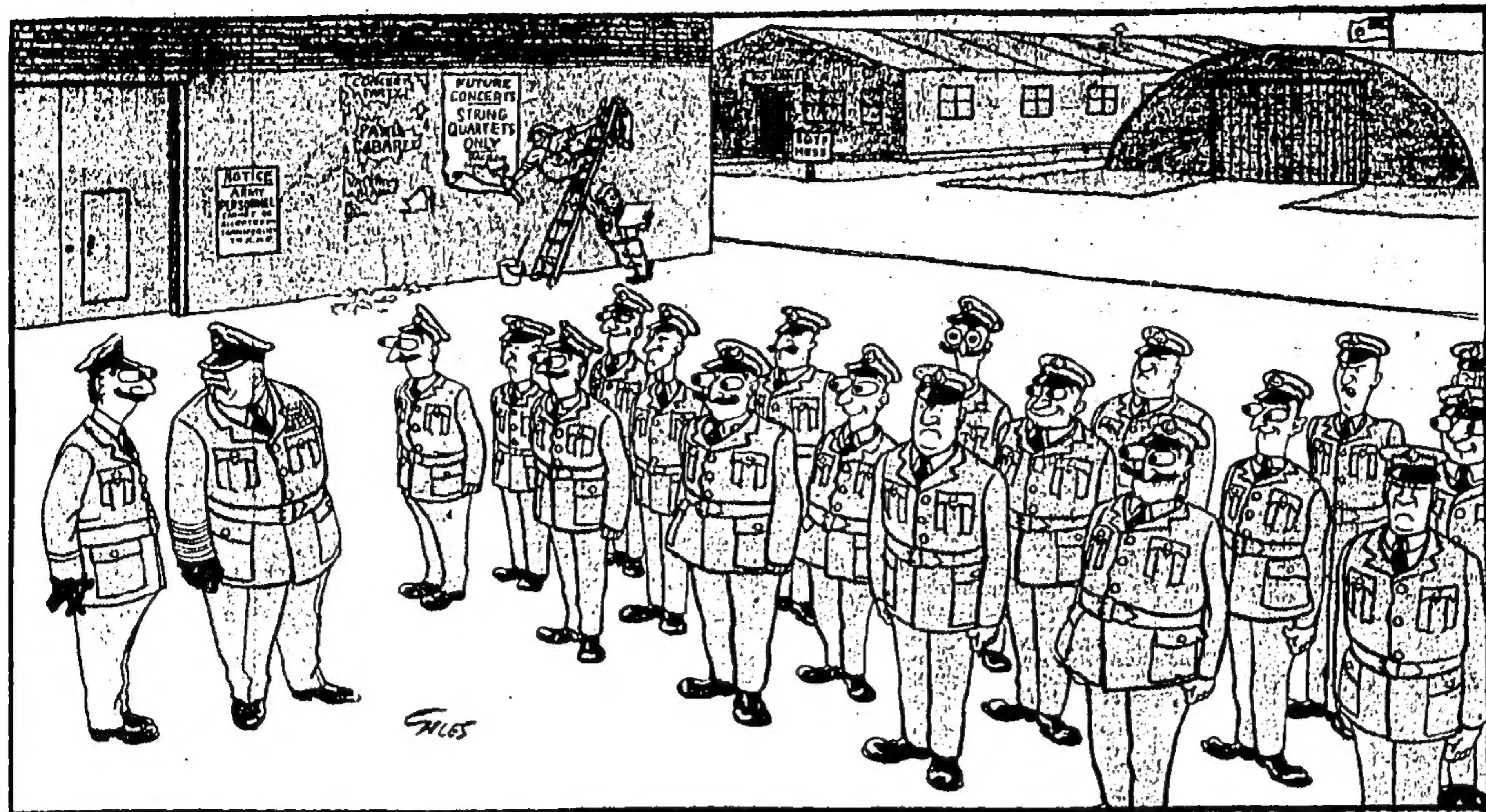
The exclamation mark, so beloved of movie advertisers, is used with no less restraint by the Immanuel Gospel Temple:

**A Fast Lee Announces FOURTH WEEK OF CONVENTION!**  
Come! See! Hear! Great Demonstration of Bible Truths!

And to reassure us that the all-important if rather sordid business of making money is not necessarily sinful, we read:

**BUSINESSMEN'S CRUSADE FOR CHRIST**  
Heard  
Dr. Pierce P. Brooks  
God's Businessman  
Evangelist, preaching Deliverance, Salvation, and Healing!

That, I think, will do. As a recorder of what I see here in Hollywood, I make no comment. There are no empty pews in the churches. Let's leave it at that.



"Which of those men attended that disgusting strip-tease concert?" London Express Service

The remarkable career of the Red Indian princess who saved the life of one Englishman—and married another

# POCAHONTAS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By C. Baker-Carr

SHE was the first of her race to become a Christian, the first to marry an Englishman, the first to visit England, and the first to die off the shores of England. But no one has ever found the bones of that girl-wife of who was perhaps one of the first to improve Anglo-American relations.

She was, of course, Princess Pocahontas, one of the best-loved of our school-day heroines.

In 1595, the year that Shakespeare finished writing "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a daughter was born into the large family of Powhatan, hereditary chief of the R. Indian tribes in Virginia.

Twelve years later on a fine April day three ships sailed into Chesapeake Bay and headed up the James River, Virginia. On board were about 140 colonists and 40 sailors, sent out by the newly-formed Virginia Company of London, established by James I.

They were a motley collection: aristocrats down on their luck, adventurers out for a change, pirates in search of a rest, and a liberal sprinkling of honest men.

## An Adventurer

THE vessels carried a number of potential leaders for the new Colony. Among them were Edward Wingfield and John Smith, a spendthrift and an idealist, and it was he who was finally elected President of the Council. Captain John Smith was not even allowed a seat on the Council, since he had made treasonable remarks on the way over and had been promptly clapped in irons for the remainder of the voyage.

Smith was a strange man. An adventurer at heart, he was a tough and stocky farmer's son with a violent temper, a bloated ego and a stubborn will.

These two men clashed almost at once. President Wingfield was determined on peace, while Smith was in favour of extensive fortifications in case the Indians should prove hostile.

Jamestown took shape slowly, protected only by lopped-off tree-tops; but food became short, even though the local Indians

supplied an occasional deer for roasting. Disease spread and colonists sickened and died.

Smith struck out on his own in the search for food, sailing up the River James, finding as he went. Soon he ran into trouble—subsidiary chief Opechancanough and his band of warriors saw Smith, who retreated into a bog which held him fast. He had to surrender.

Smith was led to the great Indian chief Powhatan. At the end of the long march he arrived



"He is mine, my man. I take him," cried Pocahontas.

at the village, and 12-year-old Pocahontas was among the small group of children watching. Shortly he faced Powhatan, and he knew he was to die. But first came the customary feast, when he ate while a circle of chiefs watched. Smith finished eating and wiped his hands. Then he was seized and hurled to the ground. His head was thrust back on to a huge flat stone.

His blue eyes stared up at the two stone axes held aloft by his executioners, who were awaiting the signal from Powhatan. Suddenly something crashed on to his body, something warm yet fierce. The tomahawks hovered uncertainly in the terrible silence and John Smith's rescuer spoke up: "He is mine, my man. I take him."

## Pipe of Peace

POWATHAN relaxed and smiled at 12-year-old Pocahontas, who was still clutching her frayed Englishman. The tension eased all around them. Indians crowded forward to peer more closely at the white man saved by their ruler's daughter.

That night the traditional pipe of peace was passed solemnly between the old chief and Captain John Smith. After a short stay Smith was sent back to Jamestown.

During the next two years the relationship between the Indians and the colonists became less strained. More ships came to Jamestown with fresh supplies of men and food, taking back to England John's ally, Pocahontas, a sign depicting

Captain John Smith with his fierce personality and "no nonsense" methods began to build up a flourishing community. To top it all he became President of the Council in September, 1608, but his rule lasted for a brief 18 months.

A new "white chief" arrived from England, Sir Thomas Dale, had been appointed interim Governor of Virginia. Smith became ill, so ill that all the Indians and the colonists thought he was dying. He called home to England, out of the life of Pocahontas—who never shed a tear. She was growing up. A strange mixture of Indian character tempered with Western ways and knowledge complicated the young girl's life.

But soon it became the turn of Pocahontas to be made prisoner—by the English. Governor Dale had been ruthless in dealing with the Indians and had angered Powhatan, who reacted violently. His daughter became a hostage, but she was allowed the freedom of Jamestown under the care of Bessie and Mollie Gates, girls of her own age. It was a tense situation. Powhatan held a number of hostages, too.

## Scripture Lessons

EVERY day Mr Buck, the preacher, gave the Indian princess lessons in Scripture and taught her to read and write.

She was baptised into the Church of England and given the name Rebecca. Soon afterwards she met her future husband, a morose widower named John Rolfe, who was the first Englishman to grow tobacco in Virginia while Pocahontas was a minor expert herself. She grew all her father's tobacco and had plenty of advice for the solitary, hard-working Englishman from Heacham in Norfolk.

Slowly the friendship developed until in April, 1614, they were married by the Rev. Richard Buck, her former teacher in Jamestown. They built their home farther up river near to Henricopolis, and were soon filling the ground for a new tobacco plantation.

Their son was born in that unique Anglo-Indian home and they named him Tom.

In 1610 the Rolfe decided to visit England. John had worked hard on his plantation, exporting the dried leaves to England at a handsome profit. For Pocahontas the country she had heard so much about lay ahead—England with its hedges and green fields, its cities and its ships.

After arriving in London she and her husband set off with baby Tom for Heacham. After a short stay at Heacham Hall, where a younger brother, Edward Rolfe, and his family were looking after the ancestral home, John and his family went back to London again, staying at the Bell Inn, known as Savage's on account of an erstwhile family ownership. Later it was called La Belle Sauvage and carried a sign depicting

But Pocahontas grew ill. As soon as she recovered she visited the Queen in Denmark House. That was the signal for all the courtiers to come to the inn and pay their respects. However the illness returned. Queen Anne's own doctor arrived to help treat her.

## More Serious

By the end of the year she seemed cured. The Rolfe were invited to attend the Twelfth Night Ball given by the King and Queen in Whitehall. Rolfe, watching from the gallery (he was allowed no closer), saw Pocahontas in her court clothes attempting to dance.

In January 1617, Pocahontas was ill again, and this time it was far more serious. They moved from Ludgate Hill to Brentford and the change seemed to do some good, but lack of new interest after the whirlwind of court life brought on a relapse.

One of the few really welcome visitors to the house in Brentford was the old and faithful Bishop of London, Dr King. However, one morning there was a knock and in walked her first love—Captain John Smith. He was a changed man, gaunt, haggard, ragged and the adventurer's gleam had gone from his eyes. If Pocahontas had any illusions left at all they fled at that brief meeting. From a hero he had turned into a bloated bore.

In March, 1617, their visit to England ended. John Rolfe and Pocahontas went on board the George at the Tower steps—she had to be carried from the coach. Her illness had worsened. Pocahontas knew she was going to die, and her life ended on board the George not far from Gravesend. She was 22.

Little Tom had been left behind—it was the dying wish of his mother that he should be brought up an Englishman. While Rolfe sailed on to Virginia, his tobacco plantations and another wife (this time an English girl).

## Burned Down

POCAHONTAS was buried at the chancel of St George's Church, Gravesend. That church was destroyed by fire in 1827 and all the bodies were supposed to have been moved to another grave. Then, as recently as 1897, another church was built on roughly the same site and workmen came across hundreds of bones.

Thinking, incredible as it may seem, that they were animal bones, the workmen threw them all in a huge heap. Rag-and-bone men passing through Gravesend found a ready trade.

It was too late by the time the authorities realised the bones were human. The coffin of the Indian princess could not be traced, though much later there were indications that the casket had been removed to a church in Waterloo Road, from which it vanished.

The church at Gravesend has become the Anglo-American shrine to Pocahontas and in November, 1932, it was turned into a Chapel of Unity, a non-denominational house of worship. At the little village church of St Mary, in Heacham, Norfolk, is an altar-piece depicting Pocahontas and this inscription:



When Pocahontas went to London she took off her Red Indian feathers and wore Elizabethan dress.

"Princess Matoka Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan hereditary Overking of the Algonquin Indians of Virginia, born 1595, baptised 1613, died 1617. Her romantic marriage to John Rolfe brought peace to the settlement. To mark a picturesque episode in the history of two nations this memorial was set up by friends in England and America 1933."

(COPYRIGHT)

... the spirit of friendship



**Gordon's** *Standards Supreme*  
IMPORTED FROM LONDON ENGLAND  
Sole Distributor: BODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.

**CPA- FOUR SINGAPORE FLIGHTS WEEKLY**

**NOW**  
HONG KONG TO  
**SINGAPORE**  
**DIRECT-NO STOPS**  
by DC 6  
The Fastest Service Only 5hrs. 55mins.  
EVERY TUESDAY  
Other Flights  
MONDAYS.....via Saigon  
WEDNESDAYS.....via Bangkok  
SATURDAYS.....via Bangkok  
SLEEPING BUNKS AVAILABLE  
*Malayan Airways Ltd.*  
P.O. Box 2414, SINGAPORE. Tel: 27110. Telegrams: MALAYAN AIRWAYS LTD. SINGAPORE.

**Tiger**  
THE  
**GOLD MEDAL**  
*Championship*  
**BEER**



Distributors: A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD. Tel: 38720



# THE HUNT IS ON

## THE STORY SO FAR

**ALBERT POOLEY, wounded in one of the first major war crimes committed by the Germans, has returned to France in 1946 at his own expense to establish the details. For no one in England believes that nearly 100 prisoners of war, men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, were shot down in cold blood at Le Paradis, in 1940, and that Pooley and William O'Callaghan were the only survivors.**

Although he is a desperately sick man, Pooley is determined to avenge his comrades. Accompanied by a French friend, he calls at the farm where he and O'Callaghan sheltered in a pigsty for nine days after the massacre. Madame Craton, who looked after them, goes him in a farmyard—and faints.

**T**HE Frenchman helped Madame Craton to her feet. She pointed incredulously at Pooley. They had told her in 1940, when she inquired at Bethune hospital, that Pooley was dead. When she set eyes on his tall, gaunt figure in her farmyard, she thought she was seeing a ghost.

But her face turned to joy. She embraced him, laughed, and wept. When Pooley told her why he had returned to Le Paradis, it took her some time to grasp what he was saying. She knew that British prisoners had been massacred in the meadow of a neighbouring farm. That much was common property among the local population. But this was her first intimation that the two men who had fed and sheltered at her farm had been involved.

### The meadow

Now she walked with Pooley back along the road where the prisoners had marched six years before. She told him that the meadow belonged to the farm of her husband's brother, Louis Craton.

Pooley stopped at the gateway. The farmhouse had been rebuilt. A new iron gate had replaced the one through which his comrades had marched to their death. But the meadow was just as he remembered it just as he had seen it in his mind's eye by day, and in his dreams at night.

Now, as he stood in the meadow again, with Madame Craton at his side, he knew he had been right. Now let them dare talk about a cock and bull story!

He could see the spot where the guns had stood. The Cratons told him that 30 of his comrades had been hastily buried in the pit where they fell by the Germans, but the French had laid all the bodies in a common grave a few yards away.

### 97 bodies

Ninety-seven bodies had been interred. A brief service had been read by the French priest. The grave had been fenced with posts and wire to keep away cattle, a cross set up, and the steel helmets of the men spaced around the edge.

Through the long years of the occupation the villagers had tended it with flowers from cottage and farmhouse gardens. Later the bodies had been reburied in the British cemetery. Pooley walked up to the red brick wall of the stable. He took a knife from his pocket dug into the brickwork and

## THE VENGEANCE of PRIVATE POOLEY

### PART 6

Adapted from the book by

**CYRIL JOLLY**

prised out two bullets. He compared them later with one of those removed from his leg in hospital; they were identical.

At the British cemetery, Pooley entered the little hedged plot with its rows of wooden crosses. There were bunches of fresh flowers lying here and there, for the village folk still remembered.

In the far corner, in the shadow of the hedge, was the commanding officer's grave.

### Nine days...

Back at Mme. Craton's farm, Pooley walked into the passage-way and looked at the pigsty which had sheltered him and O'Callaghan for nine days. A couple of pigs now occupied it. Pooley was not jealous.

When he returned to Bethune, he was faint and sick from pain in his leg and stomach, but a three triumph possessed him. Now they must listen to him. In addition to the bullets, he had with him a cutting from a French newspaper giving the local version of the massacre.

His French friends were shocked that nothing had been done to bring the criminals to justice, for the details were, of course, well known in Le Paradis.

The police, both at Bethune and at Le Paradis, were informed of this new development. They passed on what information they had to the military authorities. The case was left at that. It was not yet at hand, at least it was not lying in wait for the unknown German officer who ordered the massacre of the prisoners he had captured.

### Barbed wire

The investigation of the atrocity at Le Paradis was conducted by the War Crimes Investigation Unit after Pooley's return to England. He was asked to call at the London District Court in Kensington, a large mansion surrounded by barbed wire with an armed guard at the entrance.

## Pooley is no longer fighting a lone battle. Europe is scoured for the murderers of Le Paradis.

A warrant officer asked Pooley to tell as much as he could remember of the shooting. "Don't miss out anything. Some details may seem trivial to you but let's have them. They may mean a great deal to us."

When Pooley had finished, the Warrant Officer gathered up his notes and went out. He was away a long time and when he returned he was accompanied by Colonel A. P. Scotland, chief of the War Crimes Investigation Unit.

### Angry Colonel

"Why didn't you report this before, Pooley?" asked the colonel.

"I did, sir," was the reply. "You did? Who to? Where?"

"To a couple of Army interrogators at Richmond Convalescent Camp on my return from Germany, sir."

"When was this?"

"In the summer of 1943, sir."

Colonel Scotland did not restrain his anger. "Someone will catch it for this," he turned to the Warrant Officer. "Find out who was in this interrogation and what happened to the report."

Pooley waited a long time while the search was made. At length the colonel returned.

"I'm afraid we cannot find out who they were nor what has become of the report," said Colonel Scotland. "They're lost in the fog of the past. We've also lost three years. If we had that report we could have picked these people up straight away. Now we have to scour Europe for them. But we'll find them. It's the last thing we do we'll find them."

From the German Orders of Battle, which fell into Allied hands after the war, the investigators were able to trace the German formations which had been in action at Le Paradis. The records showed that the 2nd Infantry Regiment—192—of the S. S. Totenkopf (Death's Head) Division was most probably the regiment concerned.

### Last stand

From the files of the German personnel department they were able to name the officers in command of the various companies in this regiment. But which was the company that had actually captured Dures Farm, where the Norfolks had made their last stand?

British officers interrogating prisoners of war were instructed to watch for S.S. men who had been in IR2, and three or four prisoners were found who had been in Le Paradis on May 27. They were brought to the London District Court for interrogation.

A week or so after his first visit to Kensington, Pooley was

asked to call again. A German was brought into the office. Pooley studied the man, his face and build. When he had gone the Warrant Officer asked, "Do you recognise this man?"

"No."

"Well, on his own evidence he was one of the men behind the guns at Le Paradis. But he is not the man we are looking for. We want the man in command, the big fry."

At this stage, Colonel Scotland's men were still building up a picture of what had actually occurred at Le Paradis.

The parish history, maintained by the Cure of Le Paradis, was consulted.

"A bursting bomb killed S.S. Colonel Goebel, whose father, a Prussian general, is a friend of Hitler. At this news the S.S. Germans decided to kill British prisoners. Ninety-seven English soldiers, prisoners of war, were



Pooley and O'Callaghan arrive at Hamburg to confront in court the man who planned their death.

killed with machine-guns and buried together."

Albert Pooley was no longer fighting a lone battle. There were men, eager to see justice done, who were able to scour the prison camps of Europe to find the necessary evidence. Sometimes a laborious chase ended with the discovery that the man they wanted to question had been killed in later fighting or was still in Russian hands.

But they found a man called Theodor Emke, who had commanded the machine-gun section of No. 4 Company, IR2. His section had been taken away



They looked a tough bunch. Pooley took his time and walked round each man...

from him after the battle. And it was his guns that had been used to shoot down the prisoners.

The man responsible, according to Emke, was Hauptsturmführer (Captain) Fritz Knoechlein.

The records showed that this officer had been in command of No. 3 Company, and deputy battalion commander, Pieper, in the Jig-saw began to fall into place. Other Germans confirmed that regimental talk had linked Knoechlein's name with the massacre. An old Frenchwoman and German soldiers testified that they had seen Knoechlein in the neighbourhood at the time it happened.

Knoechlein was found and brought to London for examination. He was in a truculent mood.

Pooley was sent for again. An identification parade was staged for his benefit.

In the courtyard of the Kensington mansion eight men were paraded; some wore German uniforms, others had the chocolate brown prisoner-of-war issue. They looked a tough bunch. Pooley took his time and walked round each man. One face seemed familiar, a thin-faced, keen-eyed, upright man.

"Well," he was asked, "did you recognise any of them?"

"Not for certain. But there is one man whose face was familiar. I am sure I have seen him before."

Next came William O'Callaghan's turn. Six Germans were lined up in the courtyard for his inspection.

O'Callaghan walked up to them and looked closely at each one. He stopped at the last man in the line and stared searchingly at his face.

The six Germans were taken away. O'Callaghan said, "I've seen that bloke at the end of the line."

"Where?"

"I am not sure, but I've seen him somewhere." The colonel sent for O'Callaghan. He took out a sheet of

### No comment

O'Callaghan picked out one photograph—the man he had seen at the end of the line in the identification parade.

"The colonel made no comment, but seemed satisfied."

Months later, as the evidence against him mounted, Knoechlein did make a statement. He gave a clear account of his movements during the fighting on May 27, 1940, but there was a significant gap unaccounted for between 3 and 5 p.m. And this was the fatal period.

The patient investigation occupied the whole of 1947 and a large part of 1948. For most of this time, Albert Pooley was fighting his own battle against ill-health. The operation he had put off to make his pilgrimage to Le Paradis could be postponed no longer.

He entered Roehampton Hospital, and on March 9 Mrs. Pooley received a summons to the hospital telling her that her husband had been operated upon.

She returned day after day, while he hovered between life and death. It was strength will rather than strong constitution that pulled him through.

### Recovery

Slowly he fought his way back to recovery. He was well enough to say "yes" when, early in 1948, he received a letter from the War Office asking if he would be prepared to give evidence at the trial in Hamburg of an alleged war criminal.

The long investigation pieced together its case and prepared for the day when Fritz Knoechlein was to stand his trial.

He was accused of "committing a war crime in that he, in the vicinity of Le Paradis, Pas-de-Calais, on or about May 27, 1940, in violation of the laws and usages of war, was concerned in the killing of about ninety prisoners of war."

Pooley and O'Callaghan met again on Liverpool Street station in October, 1948. Together, they travelled to Hamburg to confront in open court the man who had planned their death.

(COPYRIGHT)

Next Saturday: THE PROSECUTION

# American papers please copy

## A PERSONAL STATEMENT BY . . . RENE MacCOLL

**I** HAVE never concealed the fact that I am a friend and an admirer of the United States of America. My admiration is fully extended to America's President Eisenhower.

It is therefore as a friend that I speak now—a candid friend. With growing uneasiness and occasional dismay I have been watching the way in which our two countries have been falling out of step as regards their foreign policies.

Nowhere is this loss of synchronisation worse than in the Middle East. The catastrophe lying in wait at the other end of the Mediterranean could take a number of forms, ranging from the triggering of World War III to the denial to us of access to our vital oil resources, with all that would entail for our living standards.

### THIS SPLIT PERSONALITY

**T**HE State Department where Britain and her overseas possessions are concerned always tends to suffer from a bad case of split personality.

Half the time the State Department realises that Britain is far and away America's strongest and best friend in a world which often gets to resemble a jungle. In that mood Washington will back us.

But then there is the other mood, when America remembers with a start that she is basically "anti-colonial, anti-imperialist," and all the rest of it.

In that mood America can do—and has done—much harm to our position in the world.

The diplomatic role she played in our hurried departure from Egypt, for example, is not something on which I care to dwell.

Nor has America hitherto been a friend-in-deed over Cyprus. The Mayor of New York publicly condones a monster procession through the streets of Manhattan sympathising with the Eoka terrorists. The U.S. Ambassador in Athens finds it necessary to make some remarkable statements of "sympathy" with Greece. And yet if we were to weaken and leave our Cyprus base—what a bellow of alarm would go up from across the Atlantic.

### THE SIX-MONTH 'TEA-BREAK'

**B**UT apart from these two "moods" of America, and the uncertainty over which is likely to be in the ascendant on any given day, we also find ourselves becoming and frustrated by Election Year.

The eyes of the American politicians are fixed inwards. The domestic scene is all that counts. The only thing with which they want to occupy their minds is "The Vote"—"The Jewish Vote," "The Irish Vote," "The Greek Vote," etc.

In the far-off days when the world was a simpler, quieter, less dangerous place that may have been all very well. And in these days the U.S. was not the No. 1 Power of the Western World as she is now. What she did or didn't do was not of such concern to the lives and hopes of millions of men and women everywhere as it is now.

I say to America—you cannot any longer afford the luxury of a sort of six-months-long "tea-break" while you knock off and have a lovely time of it playing politics among yourselves. The world won't wait for you. Nasser is not that obliging. The Arabs and Jews have accounts to settle. King Saud has no "American Vote" to bother about. He just has American dollars—lots of them.

Above all, I say this respectfully to President Eisenhower:—We all know that you are a brave man. We all remember how you were willing to take big decisions. Please go on taking big decisions—now, tomorrow, the next day. Please don't wait until after the elections are over in November before you feel free to take any more decisions.

Because if you do, even bigger events than an American election may by then have swamped our world.

(COPYRIGHT)

# THE CRAZE FOR NEW FACES

By BILL FOSTER

**A**N immense queue of people in Britain are waiting today for new faces. And the amazing thing is this:

Two out of every three are MEN. Many are BOYS of 16 and 17.

Plastic surgery, once the beauty box of the women's Smart Set, is sweeping the country. And men are asking for the removal of facial defects as casually as they ask for a "short back and sides" at the barber's.

This, the most fantastic revolution in the short his-

tory of plastic surgery, has brought the wheel full circle. For it was MEN—most of them horribly disfigured from war wounds—who created the need for plastic surgery.

And it is MEN who are rushing the dozen plastic surgeons in the country off their feet today.

I have just spent a day with one of the country's leading plastic surgeons. And he told me: "Teenagers and Teddy Boys are among the patients who consult me. Some are reduced to forging

fathers approving the operation. So I have to be careful."

This man—medical etiquette prevents me from giving his name—is more than a doctor. He is a magician.

I talked to one of his patients as he waited for an operation. Not a dowager duchess. But a strapping six-foot naval rating.

"What's my trouble? My ears."

I looked at them. They stuck out like jug handles.

"I've saved and saved for this operation. I've sacrificed a week's leave. None of my shipmates know I'm here. Not even my parents."

"Don't think it's vanity. A disfigurement like this depresses the mind. Ever since my school-days they've called me Noddy. Little jokes soon build up into a complex. That's what's happened to me."

The operation took no longer than a haircut. The surgeon held a mirror before the patient's face. He had a new profile. And a new personality.

And a minor stampede to the plastic surgeons has been caused since commercial TV started. More and more stars are appearing on the screens. Many need treatment first.

At one great hospital specialising in plastic surgery I was told that there were 1,300 on the waiting list.

(COPYRIGHT)

## POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Darling, which would you least like to be faced with—greasy thoughts from Burns or an intimate view of the Mountbattens' feet?"

## THE CAR SO MANY PEOPLE ARE VERY PROUD TO OWN!



Austin A80 Westminister 6 cylinder engine comfortable and roomy body.

AUSTIN You can depend on it.

Sole Agents: METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

151 KING'S ROAD, HONGKONG.

TEL: 71251.

122 TAIPU ROAD, KOWLOON.

TEL: 54672.

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





# MAJDALANY MEETS MONROE

## SHE HAS A MOOD FOR EVERY MAN



You can generally get a line on people from their books. Except in the film world, where books are apt to contain not pages but drink.

I know a film executive who works in an office lined with beautifully bound red volume.

All of a sudden he will disentangle himself from several telephones, grab hold of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and push, whereupon the collected works of Charles Dickens swing smoothly round to disclose an array of bottles and glasses.

In view of the widely accepted notion that little actresses should never use rude words like "Dostoevsky," I am happy to report that the books of Marilyn Monroe are plentiful, are filled with pages rather than bottles, are not in expensive bindings, are not arranged in any order, cover most branches of the written word, and all bear unmistakable traces of having been handled, opened, and, presumably, read.

We had again just got round to talking about her acting lessons when there were more visitors. A correspondent of one of the big American magazines turned up with a retinue of two assistants, and a photographer who wore a coat splendidly lined with fur.

I prepared to watch Marilyn producing her Scale. One naughty look which I imagine to be reserved for photographic occasions. To my surprise it was the correspondent, a massive man, who curiously began to drape himself in a recumbent position on the sofa.

The fur-coated photographer fiddled with his equipment, the assistants moved furniture about, the huge reclining



*"The naughtiest little thing one moment, perfectly innocent the next."*

**S**HE is like a radio-active snowdrop that has been going out with orchids. Her platinum hair is a silky foun of baby fluff, careful in its carelessness, and giving the impression that she ran her fingers through it when it was soapy, and it stayed like that.

She is what I am sure the late Will Rogers had in mind when he said that he did not much care for children — except of course, little girl children over the age of 18.

She is prettier off the screen. Paul Klee, who died a few years ago, would have been the man to paint her.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that she is well formed. People must be aware of this by now. It was more interesting to discover that she has a great sense of fun, laughs a lot (especially at the traditional Marilyn Monroe jokes), has a quick brain, and is shrewdly articulate when framing sentences that are going to be quoted or misquoted, as she is a little weary of being. Though she laughs at that too.

### I KEPT A SCORE CARD

**I** SUPPOSE it is the universal male conspiracy to have women conveniently classified and labelled that has led to the general assumption that if a young female head happens to be blonde it is bound to be empty.

It may be as well, therefore, if I make it clear before going any further that this is the undumbest blonde I have ever met.

I spent half a day with Marilyn Monroe at her flat, a three-roomed apartment overlooking the river and not remarkable for any of the extravagances sometimes associated with film stars. For much of the time we talked alone, but during the afternoon people would come and go, most of them journalists.

It was possible therefore to form a fuller impression of her by watching the different ways in which she coped with different people, and all the time I was aware of Sir Laurence Olivier's remark about her being "The naughtiest little thing one moment, perfectly innocent the next." It was fun to watch this change of moods in action.

I kept a rough score card and "the naughtiest little thing" exceeded the other in the proportions of 60 to 40, being seen to best advantage when dealing with the kind of foolish question that is asked by those who write for fun magazines.

An interrogation of this kind was drawing wearily to its close when I arrived. A diligent lady inquirer was asking the usual

dark-haired, or without any hair at all.

"Masculinity combined with sensitivity," said the lady inquisitor severely.

"Yes, I guess so," said Marilyn wearily. When we were alone the "naughtiest little thing" mood switched to a tentative seriousness and I am still wondering whether to be hurt or flattered.

She told me about her first meeting with Olivier at her flat. She panicked about what to wear. Ran through her entire wardrobe twice disliking herself more and more, and then, of course, she was not ready, so that she had to keep him waiting a long time.

She told me about the porter at the block of flat where she is living. He had read about her, telling her "What's the idea," he said, "you trying to be an actress or a melting?"

She said she wanted to make it clear that she was not giving up what is sometimes known as rheumatism.

"Wherever you do, don't look about a new Monroe. I hope to go on being photographed in swim suits as long as I have the shape to fill them. I just don't want to do that all the time. I can do other things too."

That was the basis of her quarrel with 20th Century-Fox, about which I shall have more to say in a later article.

**SHE SWITCHED INSTANTLY**

**WE** began to talk about her acting lessons, when a breezy Canadian reporter arrived and in a powerful voice demanded to know whether she was "through with all this Love Goddess business."

Marilyn, switching instantly to her wicked kitten mood—and instinctively releasing a couple of inches more leg—handled him as she must have handled the sergeant's messes she visited when he entertained the soldiers in Korea.

The Canadian was followed by an Italian who wanted to know whether Signorina Monroe would like to make a picture with De Sica some time, and when she said that she would, he said that was all he wanted to know, thanked her passionately, and hurried out.

While this went on Marilyn—in a black, short-sleeved shirt and a black skirt a trifle too tight, as one knew it would be—suggested a sort of contained gleeful wickedness. But it was noticeable that she took great care to phrase answers so that they could not be misunderstood.

"I like a man with poetry in him—you know—but not a poet. No. Better not say that. They're sure to take it the wrong way and make something of it. I guess if I like a man I don't care whether he's short or tall,

questions about what colour of hair she favoured in a man, whether she preferred her male short or long, whether romance was round the corner, and all the rest of it.

While this went on Marilyn—in a black, short-sleeved shirt and a black skirt a trifle too tight, as one knew it would be—suggested a sort of contained gleeful wickedness. But it was noticeable that she took great care to phrase answers so that they could not be misunderstood.

"I like a man with poetry in him—you know—but not a poet. No. Better not say that. They're sure to take it the wrong way and make something of it. I guess if I like a man I don't care whether he's short or tall,

plates, lamp standards, metal window frames, and the mail chute, it is all very disconcerting, but if to kiss your wife means electrocution that is bad.

Another shock not quite so physical, that this apartment dealt me was when I ordered two Martinis and two bottles of beer from room service and signed a cheque for eight dollars! That sent me round to the liquor store to return with my brief case clinking with bottles which effected a saving of 88 percent.

I am over here to tell Americans how good the food is in Britain today, and so drum up some dollar-bearing visitors.

The campaign opened with a lunch party at the 21 Club, rated the most hard to get into restaurant in the world. There I demonstrated to a company of columnists, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and other "politely" the making of Welsh rabbit.

In its remarkable history from apocalyptic days to present super-respectability the 21 Club has seen some unusual sights: but I doubt whether its walls have witnessed anything stranger than the spectacle of the guest of honour cooking 12 portions of Welsh rabbit on a portable

cooker right in the dining room.

The company were highly impressed by the cheeses, the like of which few of them had ever tasted, and almost equally amazed by the Southdown lamb which we had flown over specially. They don't ever get meat like that here.

After a number of radio interviews and an appearance in "What's My Line?" I was booked to cook "a typical British breakfast" on the Dave Garraway show which goes out at 7 a.m. every day. This meant getting up at 4.30, on the set at 5.30.

The show is repeated two hours later for the West. The studio is actually a showroom on 40th Street, and crowds gather at the window to stare through.

The facilities and conditions were the worst I have ever encountered. They have never had a cookery spot on this show before.

All went well, but there was a tense moment when J. Fred Muggs was led past my table. He made a grab for my pork with cream but was just repelled in time. Anything could have happened. He had bitten a man that morning.

As I say, my mission here is to allay the fears of those Americans who are still terrified of British food. But so far the only people I can find who are terrified of British food are the



**PHILIP HARBEN**, the TV chef, is now in America on an "Eat British" mission. But his ambassadorial adventures have not been confined to food...

**S**TANDING in the middle of the carpet in this 31st floor apartment I stooped forward to kiss Kathy and a spark snapped between us, burning our lips.

A few moments later she had put on a silk dress and I went to zip it up the back. As my fingers touched her bare back again, that spark cracked and this time on electric shock juddered up my arm.

**SHOCKS**

**THEY** tell me it is static electricity generated by walking over the carpet. Every time you put your key in the lock you get that blue shock, but it doesn't hurt if you hold the key firmly.

I have had shocks and pricking burns off switch

**MY CIRCUS**

**THESE** cheeses will travel round with me. From here to Montreal, to Toronto, Hamilton, London (Ontario), Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, Harben's cheese circus.

In its remarkable history from apocalyptic days to present super-respectability the 21 Club has seen some unusual sights: but I doubt whether its walls have witnessed anything stranger than the spectacle of the guest of honour cooking 12 portions of Welsh rabbit on a portable

cooker right in the dining room.

The company were highly impressed by the cheeses, the like of which few of them had ever tasted, and almost equally amazed by the Southdown lamb which we had flown over specially. They don't ever get meat like that here.

After a number of radio interviews and an appearance in "What's My Line?" I was booked to cook "a typical British breakfast" on the Dave Garraway show which goes out at 7 a.m. every day. This meant getting up at 4.30, on the set at 5.30.

The show is repeated two hours later for the West. The studio is actually a showroom on 40th Street, and crowds gather at the window to stare through.

The facilities and conditions were the worst I have ever encountered. They have never had a cookery spot on this show before.

All went well, but there was a tense moment when J. Fred Muggs was led past my table. He made a grab for my pork with cream but was just repelled in time. Anything could have happened. He had bitten a man that morning.

As I say, my mission here is to allay the fears of those Americans who are still terrified of British food. But so far the only people I can find who are terrified of British food are the

**DAPHNE FIELDING (WIFE OF AUTHOR XAN FIELDING) TRIES OUT THE HAZARDS OF HOUSEKEEPING IN TANGIER**

## I chase a pickpocket in the Kasbah

**H**IGH up in the Kasbah—the oldest part of the old town of Tangier—there is a small Arab house which hangs like a bat in the 15th-century Portuguese walls. It was here that I had my first taste of Pepe le Moko life.

I thought it would be quite alarming. The very night we moved in we found a snake in the bedroom.

"Perhaps it's only a grass snake," my husband hopefully ventured.

"It looks more like Cleopatra's asp," I replied, as I watched the dark gun-metal coils winding themselves round my bedroom slippers.

Neither of us wanted to kill it; we felt it would bring bad luck. So we tried to pick it up on a sheet of foolscap paper and throw it out over the walls. But it writhed and twisted so furiously that it kept falling off. There was nothing else for it. Xan quickly despatched it with a boot.

"That snake was determined to die," he apologized.

We later discovered it had come in through a hole in the bedroom ceiling. But which hole? There were several. Short of building a new roof, there seemed to be no way of blocking every entrance.

**SNAKE-CHARMER**

I thought a snake-charmer might somehow solve the problem, and seriously considered hiring one. Then I realised the Kasbah snake-vine would only hiss the news abroad and there would be a continuous conga-line of serpents stretching right across the battlements and into our window.

But I still couldn't bear the idea of reptiles dropping in on us while we slept, so I bought a mosquito net to protect us. Since when no snake has shown its face again.

The Kasbah wakes early. The first morning I was there, I was roused at dawn by the blast of a brass horn.

A military procession? No, only the garbage man blowing his own trumpet; the signal for people to empty their rubbish into the street, from where it is

quickly carted off in enormous baskets to a lorry waiting round the corner.

Garbage disposal to music—a nice idea. And nice still to know this service is free; rates and taxes don't exist in the International Zone.

From then on the narrow lanes are full of strange noises; the bleating of goats being milked at the neighbour's front doors, followed by the human bleating of beggars, each one carrying a bowl—not for money but for yesterday's left-overs; superannuated Tommy Tucker's singing for their supper; or rather for their breakfast.

Meanwhile, from the Spanish quarter at the foot of the old walls, comes the syncopated click of castanets, accompanied by shrill bursts of feminine invective hurled from roof to roof by sharp-tongued Andalusian housewives.

**NOW I KNOW**

Marketing in Tangier is a hazardous business. If you don't look out, you're certain to have your pocket picked. I know this to my cost, after being lost in a crowd and feeling my purse being snatched.

I was after the man in a trice, so quickly that Xan didn't realise what was up though I was shouting "Stop! Thief!" in several languages. He thought I had simply seen a friend!

Some policemen joined the chase and the culprit was caught.

He turned out to be a well-known café-la fire called Mohammed ben Absalom, nicknamed Habbal, which in Arabic means "darling."

He certainly was not my idea of one.

But this at least cured me of my urge to have a donkey to carry my shopping. Everything I bought would have been lifted from the panniers long before I ever got home.

I wish bargaining were not an essential feature of Arab commerce because I'm so bad at it. I used to pride myself on doing good business whenever I bought flowers.

I always went to the same stall, where the two boys in charge made a special price for me, usually throwing in an extra bunch free and presenting me with a buttonhole as well.

It was a special price, all right. One day I asked Khemo,

our Arab maid, to buy the flowers for me; she came back with twice the amount at a quarter of what I had paid.

Khemo taught me all I know about shopping in Tangier.

**PINCH TEST**

On one occasion we had to buy some chickens for a couscous—an Arab dish of specially prepared semolina, garnished with chicken, or lamb, chickpeas, almonds, raisins, saffron and spice—all highly seasoned.

There were any amount of them in the market, strung up in bunches by their legs. They all looked much the same to me, but Khemo insisted on a thorough examination and made me pinch each bird's behind to make sure it was a good one. I still do not know what this test was meant to reveal, but I was far too embarrassed to ask.

I just went on pinching until Khemo was satisfied. Then we carried our clucking purchases home.

The Administrator of Tangier happens to be a chicken-fancier, and had just made a law against chickens being carried upside down. Dutifully Khemo and I obeyed this regulation, but it wasn't easy.

Head-down seems to be the natural posture for captive Arab chickens—inevitably, I suppose, after generations of them have been carried in this way—and ours were no exception.

**SET-BACKS**

They obviously preferred being carried by their legs. We had to struggle to keep them upright in accordance with the new "humanitarian" decree.

Back at the house, they were penned for the night in the kitchen before being slaughtered next morning in the Moslem manner: slowly bleeding to death with their throats slit.

Their pitiful crowing at dawn made me determined in future not to buy dead chickens killed in the Christian way.

But in spite of certain setbacks of this kind, there's a lot to be said for housekeeping in Tangier.

A little money goes a long way there. Why not, indeed, with a servant at £5 a month, whisky at 12s. 6d. a bottle, and wine at less than a shilling the litre?

(COPYRIGHT)



# JAPAN

NON-STOP

BY B.O.A.C. Majestic OR Coronet SERVICES

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE — FOUR SERVICES WEEKLY



Choose between luxury "all-Slumberette" Majestic—or low-fare Coronet tourist services. Enjoy incomparable cuisine... a full range of drinks—and really personal service—all the way!

Consult your Travel Agent, or Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd. Telephone 63311 (24 hour service)

All this — and Excursion Fares, too! First Class—only HK\$1,269.00. 30 days availability.



**B.O.A.C.** TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



# PEOPLE WHO SWEAR THEY HAVE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH HEAVEN

## WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

By TERENCE FEELY

IN a small town 20 miles north of the capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, a man lay dying. A man noted for the thrusting curiosity of his mind.

He was a Freethinker. Many were the nights he had sat debating with his friends the vital questions—What comes after death? Now, in dying, he was only seconds away from his answer. Suddenly his eyes opened. They seemed to look through the ceiling and beyond.

A tremendous smile lit his face. As the last breath left his body—"Ah!" he whispered.

"The Great Secret! He saw unfolded to him as he slipped out of this life? How near has modern thought come to penetrating it?"

What has it to say about the after-life? Heaven? Do we have bodies there, and friends? Or do we simply, on death, drop into the black pit of annihilation?

### NO CRANKS

These questions are being asked today with more intensity than ever before. A recent survey showed that 60 per cent of non-churchgoers and 25 per cent of those who do go to church are uncertain in their beliefs about Heaven.

Now Aldous Huxley has stepped in disturbingly with a new book, *Heaven and Hell*. Huxley was brought up in a supremely sceptical and sceptical atmosphere. Yet he writes of how under the influence of certain drugs man can attain a vision of a wondrous "other world" of incredible beauty.

Which really exists and is not an hallucination? If these questions are being asked with a new intensity, they are being answered with a new audacity.

I have heard, in my quest for these answers, some strange stories. Like the British income tax man who visited Copenhagen one night as a spirit while his body was asleep in bed. Like the clergyman who gave me the exact dimensions of Heaven's capital city.

And these people are not "cranks." The men and women I sought out are all rational, normal.

Judge for yourself.

**STARTLING**

Come first to the church of St. Brigid's in Fleet Street, London. Meet the Reverend Cyril Arncliffe, the Anglican rector there.

Mr. Arncliffe believes, naturally, in an after-life. But that is not all.

"I believe," he told me, "that there is a tremendous amount of evidence that people see the dead."

"I have heard of scores of cases. Mothers have seen their sons after they have died on the battlefield, thousands of miles away. We would hear of far more cases, but people won't admit—they're afraid they will be thought crazy."

But there are many people today who would not brand them as crazy. One such is Dr. Donald Super, the hard-headed Methodist leader in Britain.

What he told me may startle you.

"We begin to grow our spiritual bodies—the bodies we will use after death—down here on earth," he said. "They are like the physical body, but there are marked differences."

"Some people appear to be able to see other bodies around us. A man told me mine was blue."

He maintains that we do not stand still after we have died—

we continue to develop. "My brother died when he was 26. When I next met him again I don't expect just to pick up where we left off. He will have changed just as I have. Nothing stands still."

Said Colonel R. M. Lester, founder of the Church Fellowship for Psychical Study: "Religion teaches us that our thoughts, translated into prayers, can be heard and answered. Science has now recorded that thought is a vibration—just as matter is made up of vibrations or waves. So that the hearing of prayer is therefore not such an impossibility as materialists regard it."

Once, science and religion were bitter antagonists on questions of spiritual reality. That conflict is rapidly disappearing.

One scientist for whom it no longer exists is Mr. Peter Hodgson, a physicist at University College, London, and co-editor of the *Atomic Scientific Journal*.

"The more science uncovers," he told me, "the more I become impressed by the unmistakable pattern and organization of the world."

Ask a scientist today about Heaven and I mean you that in at least five cases out of ten he will not succumb to the question.

Among lay people, conceptions of Heaven are usually moulded by personal experiences.

**GUIDANCE**

Frederic Bloom, the novelist, for instance, believes that it will be a job of work—helping people "pull on the earth." She believes this because she is sure that people who have died are in constant contact with her.

"People who have died are constantly guiding me, persuading me, leading me to do the right thing. I feel, very clearly, 'No, don't do that—do this.'"

Backing her up in this very strongly is Wilfred Pickles, star of British radio and television, who figures in one of that country's most popular programmes, *Ask Pickles*.

He believes firmly that he is constantly guided and encouraged by his little son, who died at the age of seven.

In the Church Fellowship for Psychical Study are bishops, Members of Parliament, and "certain people in high places in the life of the nation." It has members throughout the British Commonwealth and Europe, and a branch has been formed in America.

Its scientific members and associates are conducting the most complex laboratory experiments on the problems of survival and life after death.

**REALITY**

And although the Fellowship is unwilling to publish its findings for a further twelve months, Colonel Lester told me this:

"In one experiment in New York a medium succeeded in bright electric light and before a panel of scientists in materialising a woman who died in the 17th century. The scientists touched her, listened to her heartbeats, weighed her and subjected her to blood analyses."

"She passed every physical test that science can devise. According to every known aspect of science she was flesh, blood and bone."

"We do not base our case on isolated instances like this. But the cumulative evidence we have amassed leaves absolutely no room whatsoever for doubt in our minds as to the reality of life after death."

(COPYRIGHT)

## MOSCOW'S BRITISH BRANCH

—or Harry Pollitt, Boneless Wonder of King-street



London Express Service

## Tell me how to be a reporter, said Merle Oberon

**M**ERLE OBERON, wearing a delicious white hat like a bent meringue and looking fantastically beautiful, gazed at me and said: "I want to be just like you."

The sacrifice seemed hardly worth it.

Working with diamonds like a summer night, her elegant Winterhalter beauty glowing through a veil, Miss Oberon assured me she was willing to give it all up for a while. For a picture.

She wanted to know how to look, dress and behave like a woman correspondent.

This presumably was my chance to out-pix Pygmalion. Time to get some Real Truth into those hard-baked beauties who are usually seen perched brightly on the News Editor's desk using words like "scoop," "newsbeat," and "deadline."

"Can you run two miles with a 71b. typewriter in your hand like the temperature over 110 in the shade?"

"Where is the cable office?" In Arabic as you run?" I asked.

[Miss Oberon's first editorial assignment is to be in North Africa and I reckoned she couldn't get by on less training than that.]

Miss Oberon looked tranquil.

"Tony," she said, turning to Deborah Kerr's husband, Tony Bartley. Tony is making the series of television films in which Miss Oberon will investigate the lives of the men of the Foreign Legion. "Tony, you will see that there is a dummy typewriter for me to carry round, won't you?"

"Yes, that's all right, dear, we'll have its insides taken out."

**Flat heels**

This was the Judgment of Solomon and me whose typewriter has been everything from pillow to pain in the neck—but I let it pass.

"Flat heels," I said flatly. "Flat heels are all you can wear on that sort of assignment," I

explained that in my experience people have always seemed too darned anxious to talk, Gregory Peck apart. There is about as much chance of a man falling in love with a female reporter as there is of his falling for a Dictaphone.

Clearly the impact of reality was getting a bit too much for Mr. Bartley and Miss Oberon. They were prepared to fight grimly for glamour in journalism.

"And don't," said I, carrying on remorselessly, "wear one of those snappy armband things that say PRESS on them. No

And lesson (1) was—  
Run two miles in the  
blazing sun shouting  
'Where is the cable  
office?'

said with recent memories of  
tearing round Nicosia with no  
taxi to be had and the cable  
office at the other side of the  
town from where things were  
going on.

"But I look terrible in flat  
heels, I'm far too short," replied  
Miss Oberon.

"So do I, but it's supposed not  
to matter."

"No tight skirts. You can't race  
over the sand dunes in a tight  
skirt," said I.

Miss Oberon's skirt was giving  
her every millimetre of  
credit for a slim hipsline.

"A full skirt with a big  
pocket," I said. "Makes you look  
like a kangaroo in a dirndl, but

"Shall I have to take notes?"  
asked Miss Oberon, who started  
her professional life as a short-  
hand-typist in her uncle's office  
and who can still remember the  
shortland outline for "dear  
sir." Personally, although it  
makes a reporter look very  
superior not to be taking notes  
while world-shaking pronounce-  
ments are being made, the same  
reporter can look pretty silly  
trying to explain how these  
pronouncements came to be  
misquoted. So I advocate note-  
books. Not as pretty as  
Palmistom, and it puts a time  
limit on every wide-eyed wonder-  
ing stare, but you've got it  
in black and white.

There's really nothing more  
to being a woman correspondent  
than being able to type on the  
back of a native bus, bullock  
cart or Bactrian camel. Having  
one arm like an orang-outang  
from carrying a typewriter even  
to the bathroom. And never,  
never cabling from Beirut  
because the cable rates are  
more than two shillings a word  
from there.

Miss Oberon tried my note-  
book out for size.

"There's really nothing more  
to being a woman correspondent  
than being able to type on the  
back of a native bus, bullock  
cart or Bactrian camel. Having  
one arm like an orang-outang  
from carrying a typewriter even  
to the bathroom. And never,  
never cabling from Beirut  
because the cable rates are  
more than two shillings a word  
from there."

Miss Oberon gave me a flick  
of a look from leaf-like eyes.

"Good. Makes me want to  
start taking notes at once. I  
haven't decided on my name  
yet. I think it will be Anne,  
after you."

N.B.—Miss Oberon should be  
warned. If she really lets herself  
get involved in this crazy busi-  
ness—she'll never want to go  
back to being a film star again.

(COPYRIGHT)

journalist wears one unless  
there's a death penalty for not  
wearing it.

"That is, of course, unless  
you're going to make Miss  
Oberon so unlike the real thing  
that you need to label her," said  
I cuttingly, thinking of how  
fondly and vainly I had  
nourished the hope that one day  
I might be taken for something  
other than a reporter.

Miss Oberon, I gathered, would  
undoubtedly be wearing some  
form of Press identification.

"Clothes," said I, "one suit-  
case, small, at the most. You  
can't carry a typewriter in your  
teeth and in Arab countries it's  
the women who carry the  
parcels."

"Hair. You film stars think  
it's enough to grow your own  
hair. In this job you have to  
grow it, cut it, wash it and for-  
get it," said I, thinking of the  
hair appointment I made in  
Cyprus, which was abruptly  
cancelled because a "man with  
a gun" had called and forbidden  
it.

"I often get giddy,  
doctor," he said. "I  
don't know why."

Apart from various  
illnesses, a number of  
physical conditions can  
make us giddy. Many  
people have "no head for  
heights." Here the eyes are  
confronted with unusual depths  
and angles.

But not only the sensations  
received by the eyes can make  
the world seem to spin around.  
Altered impulses from the soles  
of the feet, too, may disturb  
our sense of balance. That is  
why when we walk across, say,  
a very lush thick carpet in a  
poor hotel after coming in from  
the hard pavement we feel that  
we may stumble.

Occasionally the giddiness  
may have a physical basis—as  
in those who suffer from  
anaemia or from high blood  
pressure. It may even signal a  
brain haemorrhage. But the fact  
that the giddiness is associated  
with getting out of bed in these  
organic cases is coincidental. It  
could happen any time.

This is certainly true of  
Meniere's disease—a not un-

common condition, where there  
is a degenerative change in the  
inner ear. It affects people  
aged between 40 and 50.

The usual story told to the  
doctor is that for some years the  
patient has observed, a degree  
of deafness associated with a  
buzzing, whistling, or roaring  
sound in the ears. Then one day  
the patient is overcome with an  
attack of dizziness which, lasts  
for a few hours. These attacks  
recur, but finally the disease  
spontaneously.

The young man of the fair  
seemed to be feeling better  
now. "I think I'll be off," he  
said. "I haven't far to walk.  
Thank you, doctor."

But he still needed to take  
care.

After an attack of giddiness  
has passed, it may start up  
again. If the head is moved  
quickly from side to side.

"I should rest for a while,"  
I said.

"I wonder if they have any  
accidents with that Big Wheel,"  
said my son.

And we looked upwards at  
the huge thing revolving. I sud-  
denly realised my sister, Ruth,  
had disappeared.

"There's auntie, there's auntie,  
up there," shouted my son. My  
giddy aunt, I thought.

(COPYRIGHT)

## FEEL GIDDY?

There are many medical causes—but it could be just that you have been working too hard

**E**ASTERN MONDAY I accompanied my sister Ruth and my son to the local fair.

We were standing with our backs to the Big Wheel watching a few optimists trying to knock over some anchored coconuts. Above the piercing shouts of "Tanner a time," above the whip crack of pop guns and the brassy music of the roundabout I heard someone shouting "Doctor, doctor."

I recognised a neighbour of mine supporting a white-faced young man. He had just come off the Big Wheel and was obviously dizzy. Soon he was all right, if a bit shaky.

"I often get giddy, doctor," he said. "I don't know why."

Apart from various illnesses, a number of physical conditions can make us giddy. Many people have "no head for heights." Here the eyes are confronted with unusual depths and angles.

But not only the sensations received by the eyes can make the world seem to spin around. Altered impulses from the soles of the feet, too, may disturb our sense of balance. That is why when we walk across, say, a very lush thick carpet in a poor hotel after coming in from the hard pavement we feel that we may stumble.

Occasionally the giddiness may have a physical basis—as in those who suffer from anaemia or from high blood pressure. It may even signal a brain haemorrhage. But the fact that the giddiness is associated with getting out of bed in these organic cases is coincidental. It could happen any time.

This is certainly true of Meniere's disease—a not un-

common condition, where there is a degenerative change in the inner ear. It affects people aged between 40 and 50.

The usual story told to the doctor is that for some years the patient has observed, a degree of deafness associated with a buzzing, whistling, or roaring sound in the ears. Then one day the patient is overcome with an attack of dizziness which, lasts for a few hours. These attacks recur, but finally the disease spontaneously.

The young man of the fair seemed to be feeling better now. "I think I'll be off," he said. "I haven't far to walk. Thank you, doctor."

But he still needed to take care.

After an attack of giddiness has passed, it may start up again. If the head is moved quickly from side to side.

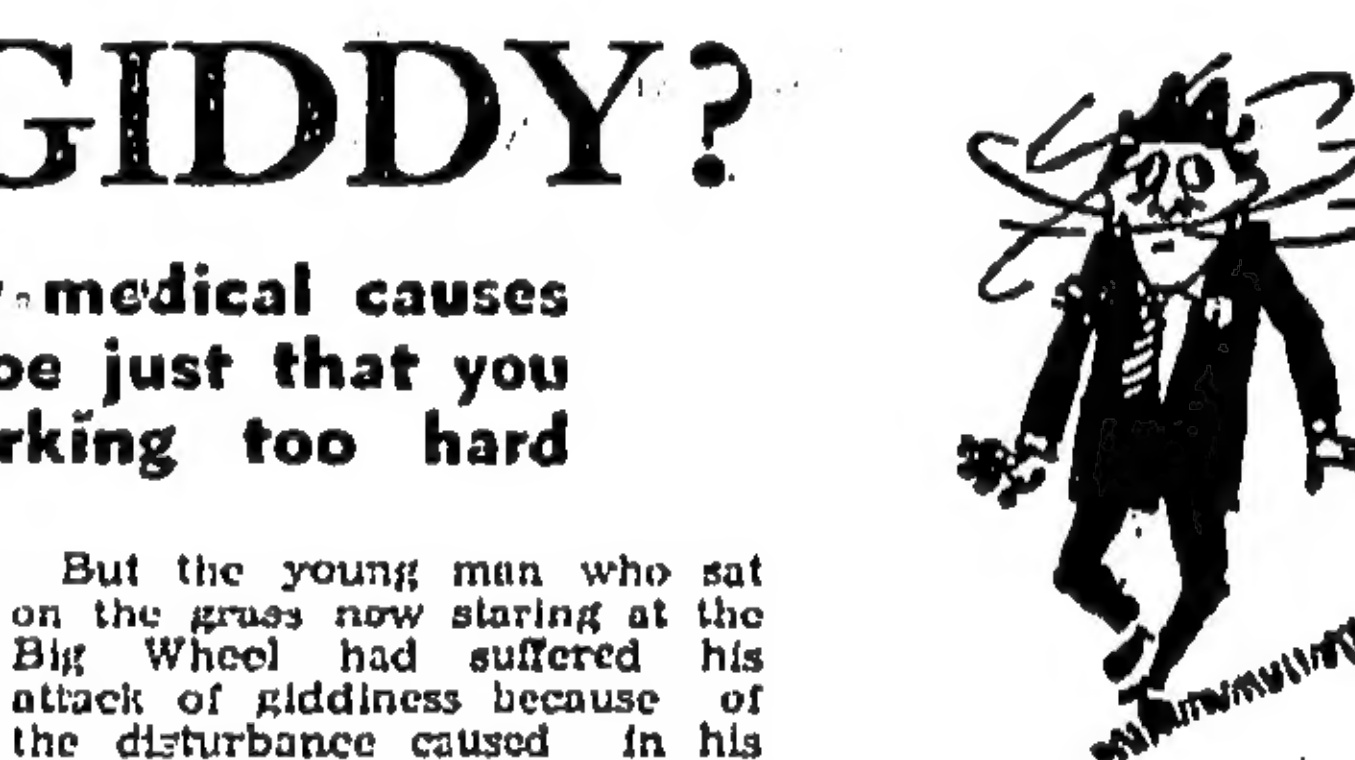
"I should rest for a while," I said.

"I wonder if they have any accidents with that Big Wheel," said my son.

And we looked upwards at the huge thing revolving. I suddenly realised my sister, Ruth, had disappeared.

"There's auntie, there's auntie, up there," shouted my son. My giddy aunt, I thought.

(COPYRIGHT)



ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY by Cedric Carne

ON LAND OR SEA  
there's nothing like a

**Leica**

NEW M3 IMPROVED III f

Sole Distributors:  
UNIVERSAL MERCANTILE CO., LTD.  
41, 43, 45 QUEEN'S ROAD C. TEL: 33802

## JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation  
calls for a  
**San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Fashion's Cinderella Story

By Dorothy Barkley

LONDON. Fashion's Cinderellas, the taller-than-average girls, have turned out to be the belles of the ball. They can now find clothes in the styles and sizes they want and are blossoming forth this spring in extra-long versions of the latest fashion lines.

Now the tall girls usually tabbed with nicknames like lanky or walking hairpin as though their height were something to be ashamed of, can't mind standing out in a crowd any longer, for they can look just as smart as anyone else.

The long and the short of it is that their own association, the Association for Tall Women, is winning its battle for more ready-made clothes in extra-long sizes.

## ANNIVERSARY

They formed their association five years ago, now have 3,000 members in Britain and overseas, have regulars and buy sales (assured of success as all who come are tall), and have talks by make-up and corset experts. Their anniversary has been marked in two ways.

First, with the debut of their magazine named "Tall". Second, with the first collection of clothes designed specially for the over-five-foot-nines, a collection which pin-points the variety of clothes now made specially for them.

No longer, if their feet are larger than size nine, do they have to buy men's shoes. They can buy the latest styles in sizes up to an American thirteen. No longer do they have to have most of their clothes made. For there is a big variety in coats, dresses for those of up to six-foot-four. And they can buy nylon stockings—once an unobtainable luxury—for a size twelve-inch foot. The country's biggest mass-production store, which only sells on a certainty has them on sale.

## SPECIAL SERVICES

The special collection for extra-tall girls just finished, takes the empire line and adapts it on extra-long coats. The line is flat at the top but has a very full skirt, which is stiffened to stand out, and can be worn comfortably over this season's full skirts. The hand marking the empire line just above the waistline is decorated with small buttons, and collars, buttons and pockets are usually on the large side and set at an angle to detract from the height. And fur fabric, water-repellent and long-lasting, is a favourite trimming.

One store in particular has gone to town as the champion of the tall girls and has a department for the girls they call "Diana". They sell amongst other things extra-long versions of suits by top designer Hardy Amies. These are mostly classical styles and tweeds. They have soft shoulder-line jackets, and either gored or all-round pleated skirts. Cotton dresses have also been designed for the taller girls.

The association—tallest member 6 ft 5½ in—supply members with a list of manufacturers and shops who cater specially for them. Many of the stores do special services for the tall girls. They make their own styles in longer lengths for a small extra charge. And the tall girls can of course now buy dress patterns and knitting patterns in their own sizes.

## TEENAGERS

Teenagers still at school have also been catered for. Mrs. Denis Maund, who is the secretary of the Association, and herself six-foot, has an eleven-year-old daughter who is already five-foot-five. Apart from school uniforms, she can find nothing suitable for her since the Junior Miss sizes which fit her, are too old for her. "And where," asks Mrs. Maund, "can you find a child's slipper size six and a half?" The association now has a big teenager membership and intends to chivvy manufacturers accordingly.

The battle has not stopped at clothes. Everyone has suddenly realised the inconveniences and the world is being made a more comfortable place for them. Hairdressers have installed higher chairs and higher basins. Kitchen sinks and adjustable ironing boards are some of the equipment on the market.

Tall girls are no longer fashion's forgotten few.



## Three's Company On A Summer Vacation

COOL and smart, the same dark white-dotted cotton is used for a strapless sundress, pretty enough to go dancing, a brief playsuit, with matching bloomers, and a tailored jacket, which turns the outfit into a trim suit.

No wonder Mrs Malenkov wasn't terribly mad... but let's put less emphasis on culture and brains

## The Dazzlers Have Plenty To Say

By ANNE EDWARDS

NO wonder the wife of our Russian guest took so calmly the news that he had been kissed by Englishwomen. Just look at the Englishwomen that Mr Malenkov met—Dagenham Girl Pipers and deans' wives, MPs and mayors.

Next time I hope we place less emphasis on culture and more on introducing our Russian visitors to some of our English dazzlers. I'd like to show them some samples of a British product that they cannot rival in their country. I'd introduce them to some of our famous lovelies—elegant, sophisticated, sexy, or sophisticated.

"Mr B and Mr K." I'd say for a start, "may I present our Miss Kay Kendall?" And I bet the cause of peace and good will would take a big step forward as their eyes lit on this gorgeous girl, with the figure of a model, the face of a film star, and more brains than sparkle than either a girl who looks her best in the kind of shirt and skirt they never see in Moscow.

## An eye for

"Meet Mrs Roy Boulting." I'd say next. And Mr B. and Mr K. could get an eye for the British way of life from this typical British beauty with her rose petal skin and cornflower blue eyes and her ability to look elegant in clothes that are frilly and feminine.

"This is Helen Connor," I'd announce with pride, certain that here at least is a British institution they will fall for—an English model girl, will, remote, golden, and elegant, who can wear a Hartnell cloud of tulle and tangles and still make you look at her—and not the dress.

"Here's Patti Morgan," I'd say, establishing friendly relations with Russia on the spot, as they shake hands with the girl from Australia who always looks bronzed, bursting

with health, and built for a bathing dress.

And finally (just to impress them favourably with our British monuments), "This is Diana Dore."

## Breathless

Here are five that might even knock that six-hour speech-maker Krushchev breathless. And it's not only the scene but the conversation that would be a treat for the localities. I'd like to ask B. and K. if there's such a thing as a Russian cocktail party," says Kay Kendall, "and what they drink. If they stuck to vodka I don't think they'd last for long."

"I'd like to know if they have that nice English habit of meeting someone for a drink. And I'd adore to talk football to them."

"I would just love to know what it's like to have a night out in Moscow," says Mrs Boulting, "and what the reaction would be if I walked into a Moscow restaurant dressed in the most perfect Dior outfit and smiling gorgeous to match."

"I'd like to know why (judging from films) the women seem to have such a rotten time—driving lorries, sweeping streets, emptying dustbins—compared to the plump, smiling, well-fed men."

"I'd love to know if they really have a sense of humour," says Helen Connor. "And what a man-about-town in Moscow is like."

"Does he take his girl out in a car or at least a taxi, and treat her to drinks, a theatre, dinner, and a night club?"

"I always imagine them earnestly trotting off to a lantern lecture about higher education."

"I'd like to know if Russian models are considered rather decadent creatures or if modelling is regarded as a per-

fectly normal profession like it is in Britain.

"After the third gin, I think I'd ask them if they've any use for a beautiful spy with a long cigarette holder."

## Then and now

"I have loved you for seven years," he says. "What else has been in my mind since the first day I saw you. You don't know, you cannot know what it has been like, Miss Bronte."

"I'm not clever, I'm not learned, but I could take care of you, I could comfort you, I could carry your burden. I'd be so faithful and careful, I'd serve you next to God."

"I think my heart will break if you deny me." Bronte's proposal than that other one on the B.B.C., which



Kay Kendall—would like to talk football to B. and K.

is so much more typical of the kind that men dish out to girls today.

"I like you, Eth."

Sex equality is all very well in some respects, but when it comes to romance I think men are getting a shade too equal.

"What I admire about the way you dress, Anne."

Said a girl friend, "Is that you're so clever knowing how to deal with your disadvantages."

## Truth, please

I counted 95 different cook-books on sale in one bookshop. And yet almost every one I opened gave the same bad old advice: "THAT..."

A recipe is easy to make if only you know how.

An omelette is difficult unless you know how.

Half a clove of garlic is quite enough.

Life in the kitchen is impossible without at least 12 gadgets. Margarine can be used instead of butter.

Wine improves every dish. Top milk will do as cream. I'd so much rather read the truth. THAT...

Souffles are terribly tricky until the cook really knows her oven.

Omelettes are easy if the pan is hot enough.

Three cloves of garlic are often none too many.

The only indispensable kitchen gadgets are a sieve and a sharp knife.

Margarine is no substitute for butter in cooking.

Wine-cooked dishes are not necessarily nicer than beautifully cooked plain food.

And that double cream is not an extravagance.

## The question

I note with alarm a staggering decline among men in the charming social skill of proposing marriage. Just look at what has been happening lately.

The new young couple around town, Jocelyn Stevens and Jane Sheffield, denied that either of them put the question: "I didn't propose," said he. "I didn't propose," said she.

Checking up on some other newly announced engagements, this is what I found: American strict Mary Murphy, who has just announced her engagement to Dale Robertson, told me: "Oh, he wrote first, then he rang up, and I said 'Fine'."

The policeman Mary Holman, who is going to marry the policeman she met on the beat, told me: "He downed a couple of stiff drinks and then managed to get the words out: 'Will you marry me?'"

But the whole situation is getting out of hand...

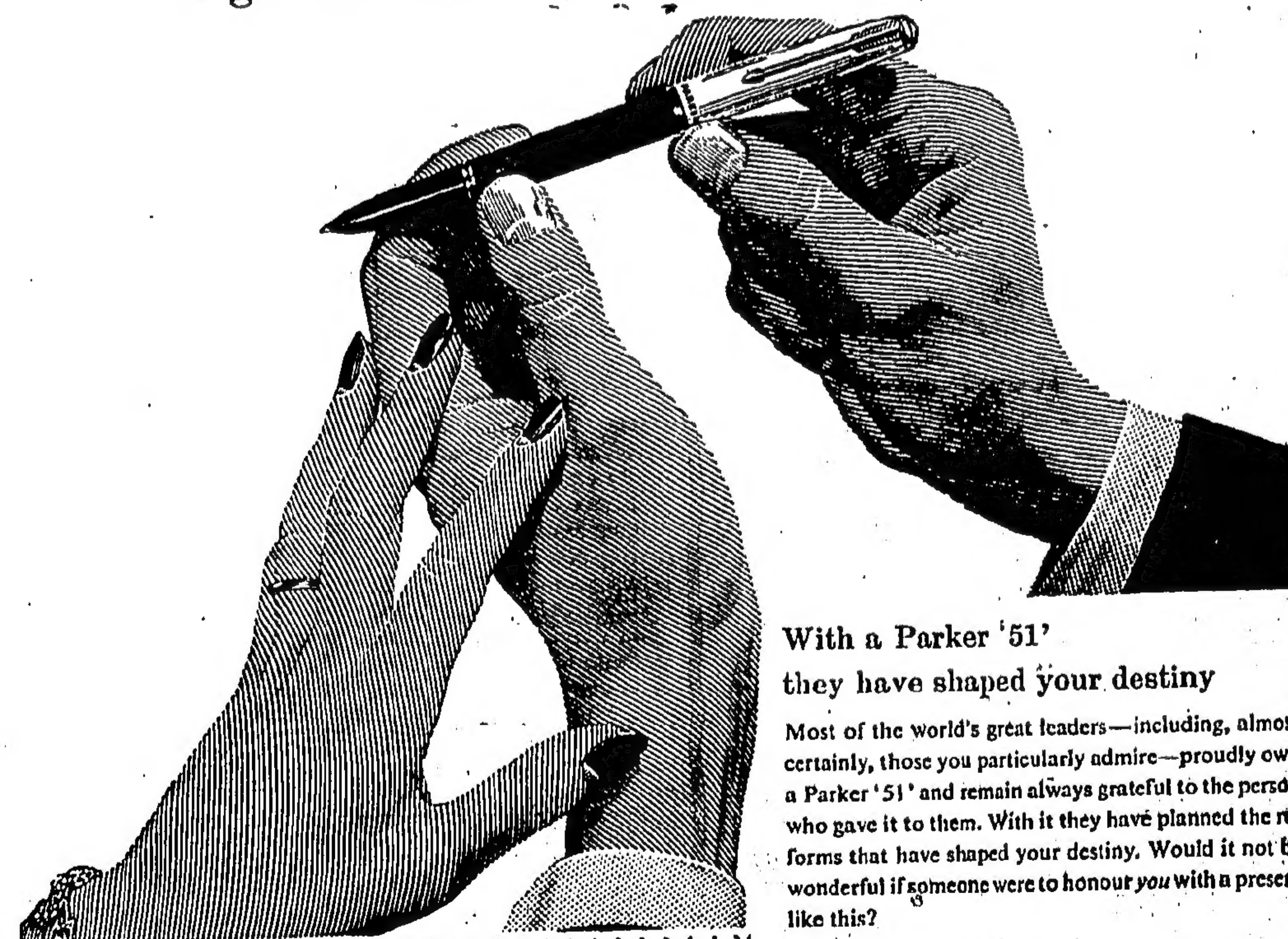
Lita Roza (the singing star) proposed herself to trumpeter Ronnie Hughes and bought her own ring for him to slip on her finger.

At least a couple of lovely girls have announced their own engagements lately, only to have the glad tidings cautiously denied by not too ecstatic swains.

When Joan Tyler announced that she expected to become engaged to George Jessel, his comment was: "I am very much interested in her."

When Kathy Grant went around saying she was going to

## Parker '51' A gift that famous people are proud to receive



With a Parker '51' they have shaped your destiny

Most of the world's great leaders—including, almost certainly, those you particularly admire—proudly own a Parker '51' and remain always grateful to the person who gave it to them. With it they have planned the reforms that have shaped your destiny. Would it not be wonderful if someone were to honour you with a present like this?

## Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

PRICES: PARKER '51' ROLLED GOLD CAP PEN: HK980 SET: HK990 '51' LL HK930—REFILLS HK952 '21' SPECIAL HK917.50

Sole Agents: SHIRO (CHINA) LIMITED, Room 831, Alexandra House PEN REPAIR SERVICE at 33 MEZZ. FLOOR, ALEXANDRA HOUSE





CAPTAIN John Campbell, of Landrick House, Dumbarton, snapped with his bride, Miss Jane Leyshon, of Ormos Bungalow, Hongkong, after their wedding in St Andrew's Church, Callander, Scotland, on April 10. The bride is the daughter of Mr and Mrs Frank Leyshon. (Northern Press)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham arriving at the New York Theatre for the charity premiere of "The Ladykillers," in aid of Earl Haig's Fund. They were welcomed by Col. J. D. Clague (extreme right), President of the Hongkong and China Branch of the British Legion, and Mrs Clague. (Staff Photographer)



MR A. H. McKenzie, who piped in the Haggis at the Ladies' Festival of Scottish Freemasonry in Hongkong and South China, holds aloft the quail with a drink offered by the District Grand Master, Mr D. S. Hill. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Miss Irene Kohler, celebrated English pianist, greeted on her arrival here at Kai Tak by Mr Peter Sharp (centra), President of the Music Society of Hongkong, and Mr K. C. Harvey. Miss Kohler's concerts here were arranged by the Society. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, who took the salute at the 20th passing-out parade of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at Lyemun Barracks, presenting a prize to an honour recruit. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW RIGHT: Street drive in aid of the Society for the Protection of Children last Saturday. Dr Raymond M. S. Lee buying a flag from one of the girl sellers at the Star Ferry. (Staff Photographer)



MR J. O. Pote Hunt's pony, Bluegrass, ridden by Mr H. K. Hung, won the St George's Plate at Happy Valley last Saturday. From left: Col H. B. L. Dowbiggin, Mr Hung, the Hon. M. W. Turner, President of St. George's Society, and Mr Pote Hunt. (Staff Photographer)

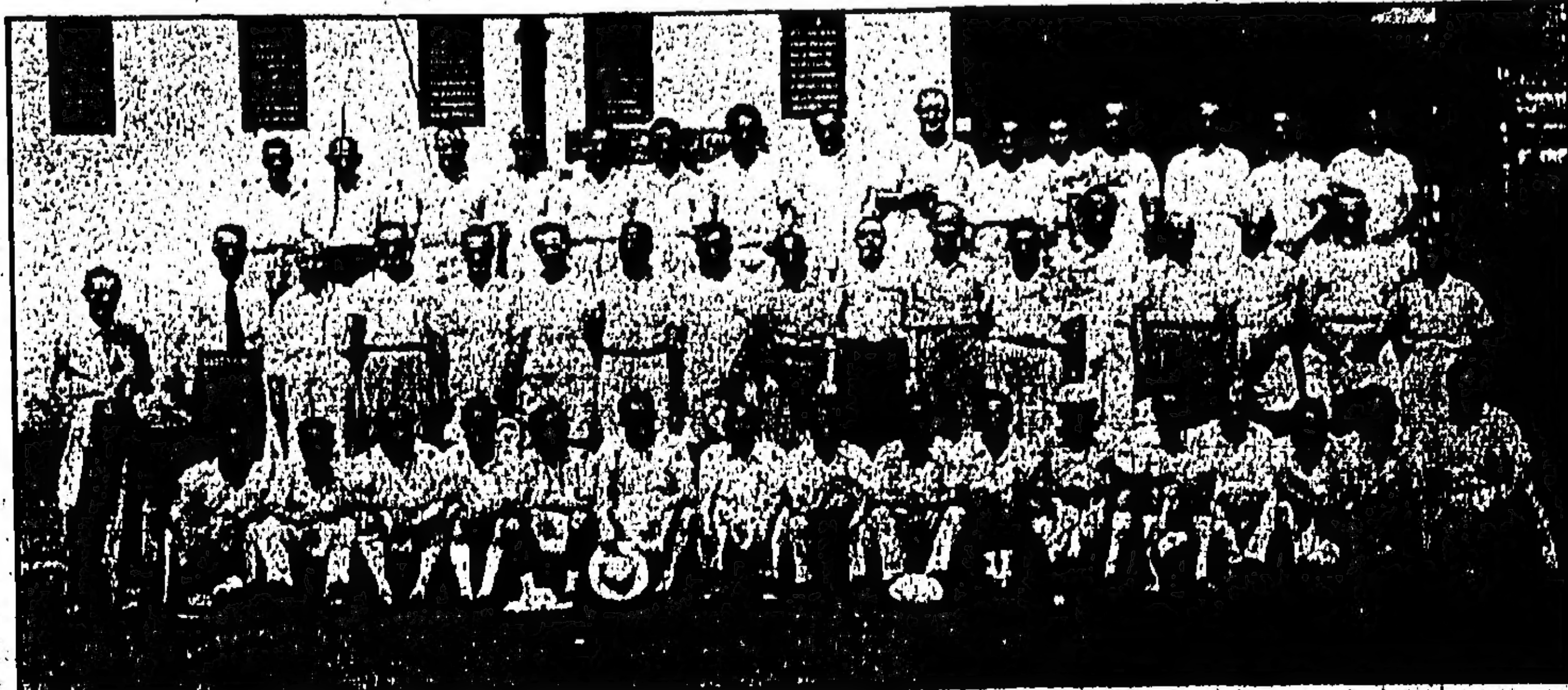


THE latest class of Waihaiwei recruits of the Police Force graduated at a passing-out parade at Aberdeen last Saturday. Mr C. J. Norman, Commissioner of Prisons, who took the salute, here seen inspecting the men on parade. (Staff Photographer)

DR Paul D. White, (second from right, seated) the eminent heart specialist who attended President Eisenhower during his illness, and Rear-Admiral B. W. Hogan (second from left), Surgeon-General of the U.S. Navy, entertained to dinner at the Golden Restaurant by Mr Jack Chau, who is seated between the two principal guests. (Staff Photographer)

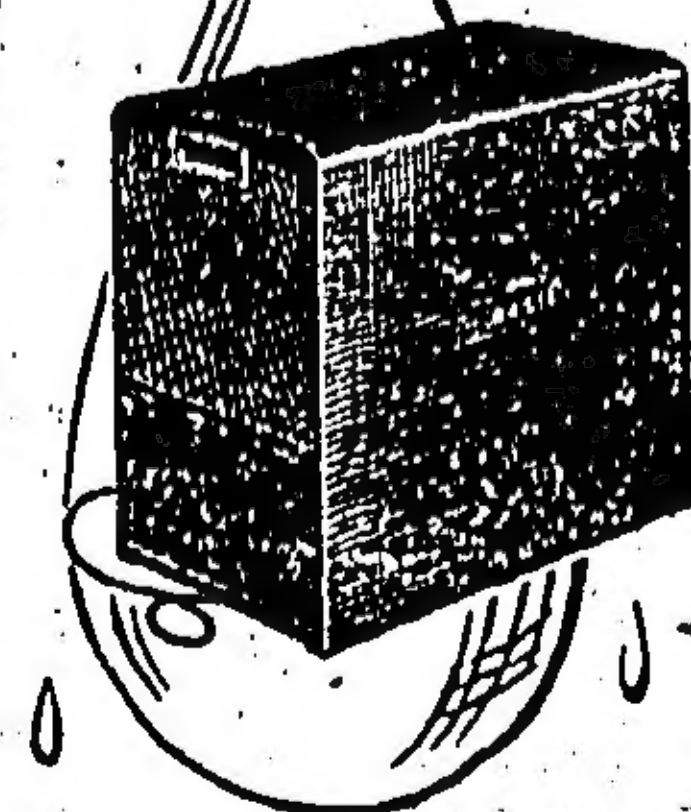
RIGHT: Yvonne, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Mok Hing-wing, and Charles, elder son of Mr and Mrs Richard Pan, whose engagement has been announced. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Players in the Craigongower Cricket Club's annual President's v. Vice-President's lawn bowls match. (Staff Photographer)



**OASIS Air Drier**  
stops moisture damage

- Removes moisture by electrical refrigeration.
- Takes up to 3 gallons of water a day from humid air.
- Costs only a few cents a day to operate.
- Small in size, only 12 1/4" wide, 16 1/4" high, 18" long.



**OASIS Air Drier**  
the finest in the world

from  
**GILMANS**  
Gloucester, Arcade Tel. 31146



provides a

**COMPLETE TRAVEL SERVICE**

LAND • SEA • AIR  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.  
Shell House Tel. 31175

"Extra Service At No Extra Cost"





SHAKESPEARE'S "Julius Caesar" as performed by Sixth Form boys of St Stephen's College at Stanley last night. Right: One of the players being made up by Mrs S. Hughes. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr John Joseph Rogers and his bride, Miss Robena Patricia Charlton. They were married at St Joseph's Church. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mrs A. D. Messenger, wife of the Air Officer Commanding, presenting prizes at the conclusion of the RAF sports on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Registry last Saturday of Mr Dennis John Little and Miss Jean Granger Ferguson. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Lt Howard, who captained the 1 King's Own team that won the Major Units soccer knock-out tournament, receiving the trophy from the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton, at Sek Kong. (Staff Photographer)



SOME of the dresses and swimsuits displayed at the fashion show held at the Ho Tung Technical School for Girls. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture taken on the occasion of the inauguration of new Directors of the Po Lung Kuk. Mr Hui Ngok is this year's Chairman. (Staff Photographer)



THE new Chairman of Hongkong Round Table No. 1, Mr Robert A. Watters (right), receiving his badge of office from the hands of the outgoing Chairman, S/Ldr E. J. J. Squires, at the annual meeting of the group.



MR Moses Gutierrez, President of the St Francis Xavier College Old Boys' Association, speaking before the opening of the College bazaar last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: China's football team, which defeated Scotland 8-0 to win the International Cup at the Hongkong Football Club stadium on Wednesday evening. (Staff Photographer)



Have you made a study of airconditioning?

Westinghouse have!

For 65 years Specialists in Cooling Equipment for home and industry. You can't go wrong with WESTINGHOUSE! Ask to see Window units in 3/4, 1, 1 1/2, & 2 H.P. Also Cassette type in 3/4 H.P. Several models fitting Heating Elements.

To meet your every weather wish!

**Westinghouse**  
AIRCONDITIONING

Sole Agents for Westinghouse Appliances: DAVIS, BOAG & CO., LTD.



**Steehan**

READY-TO-WEAR

SHORTS

TROUSERS

JACKETS.

THERE IS A NICE RANGE OF THESE SUMMER GARMENTS

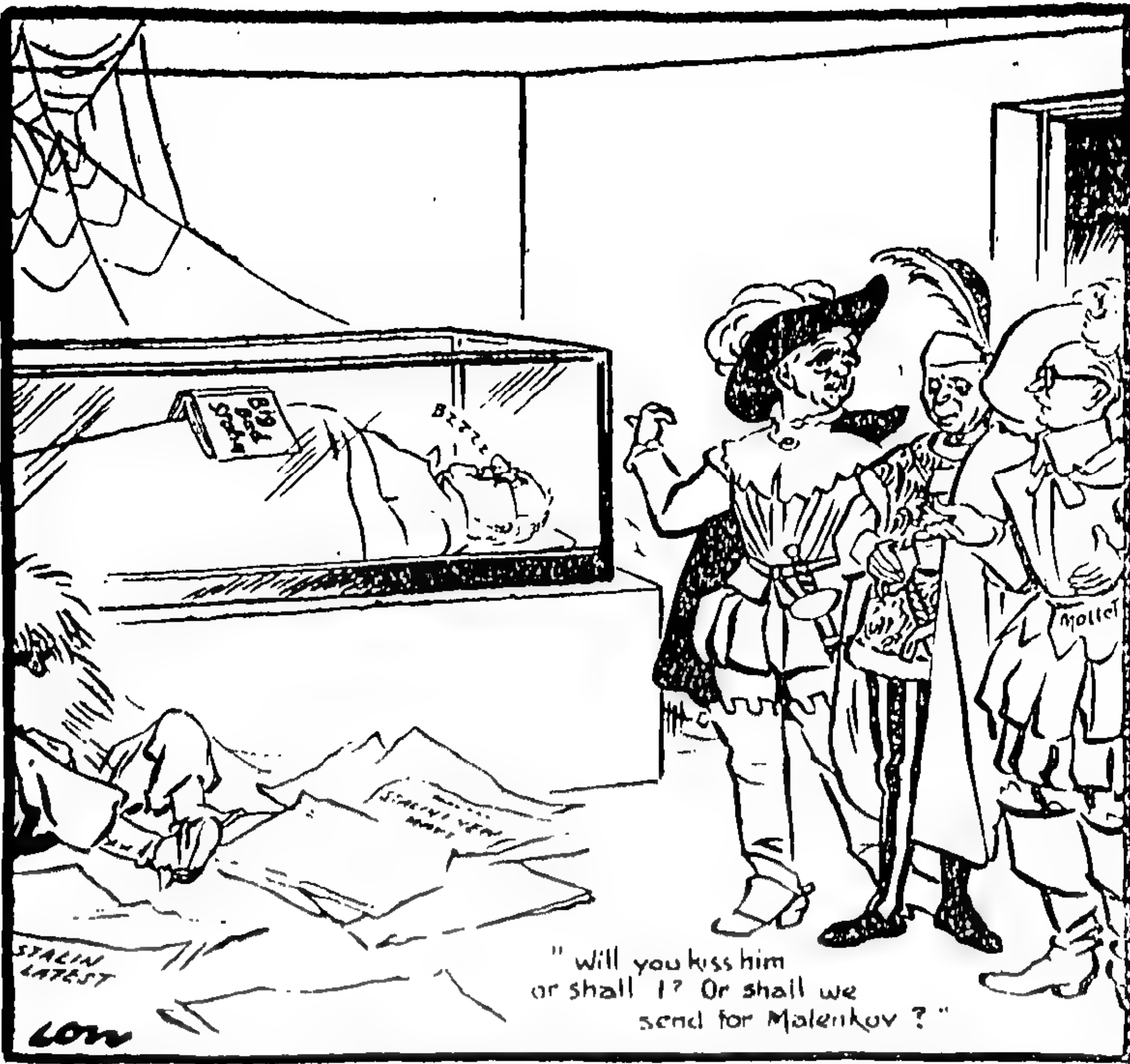
AT

**MACKINTOSH'S**









SLEEPING BEAUTY

"Will you kiss him or shall I? Or shall we send for Malenkov?"

## HOW HONGKONG STRUCK DON IDDON COLONY BRITISH ARE NOT DEFEATIST

HONGKONG is under the Communist gun but is smiling. This is either a spectacular example of British gallantry and nonchalance or is blind stupidity.

The Americans, with their scores of "vice-consuls," their escape ship, and their unyielding hostility to what they call Red China, say it is blind stupidity. They think we and the Chinese are fattening and making rich the Hongkong goose for the Red Chinese dragon to devour.

I have never known a situation on which the British and the Americans disagree so much.

Our men here, from the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, down, have faith

and confidence that Hongkong, which we created from a rock into the world's most enchanting city, will remain British.

Mr Alan Whiting, managing director of Rediffusion Hongkong, where I made a "Follow the Flag" broadcast—the sixth since the tour began—told me: "Come here again in twenty years. You'll find us here. You'll find Hongkong booming, better than ever, and more British than ever."

When pictures of Tommy Cashman and myself were taken by Jack Murray, two Red soldiers appeared and at once took photographs of us. It was obvious they had me tabbed as a spy.

Here To Stay

THE chairman and executives of the South China Morning Post and China Mail, who gave me lunch at the spacious Hongkong Club, said: "Hongkong is not going to fall into Communist hands."

And Charles Stiles, who runs a magnificent modern cotton mill with machinery from Darwen (Lancashire) and the United States, says: "We are here in business—big business—and we are here to stay."

Hongkong is one of Britain's proudest achievements. It ousts all cities, including San Francisco, in beauty. The harbour is breathtaking; the skyscrapers challenge New York, and the houses are built in tiers into the mountains which shelter and embrace Hongkong.

The British and their good friends the Chinese have done all this in a few decades. There was nothing, and now there is everything. Dr Sun Yat-sen asked: "How was it that foreigners, that Englishmen, could do such things with the barren rock of Hongkong within seventy and eighty years, while China in 4,000 years had no place like Hongkong?"

Our chaps are smart policemen in shorts, trained capably by British officers. Cashman said: "There is a certain amount of strain—some of our men get nerve trouble now and again."

Lesson For All

HERE is a city of 2,500,000 people, which since the war has more than doubled its population and increased its industries tenfold. Its people are smiling and hard-working, and better groomed than many American and British crowds. They are also harder-working. Its ferries, which transport millions of people across the blue harbour, are among the world's finest and most efficient. The world can learn and profit from Hongkong.

Hundreds of thousands of refugees who fled the terror and desolation of Hongkong are being housed in apartment buildings which rival those in Manhattan and Beverly Hills. The schools are excellent. There are still the squatters' camps, with their tangle of shacks of tarpaulin, plywood, cellophane strips and cardboard, but every week they are being torn down and replaced with fine modern accommodation.

Achievement Soars

THERE is an orgy of building, of frantic construction and expansion here. Mountains are being levelled literally; land is being reclaimed from the sea; reservoirs are being built to quench the thirst of the city. (The water shortage is still acute and taps are shut off in my hotel most of the day and night). But the achievement is soaring—not matched anywhere. And who is doing all this? The British and the Chinese together.

The dragon hills of Kowloon echo with the work. But there is a gun in Hongkong's ribs which the Americans say one day will be fired. The United States is convinced that all this treasure and trade will fall to the Communists, not as quickly as Singapore, but soon. They are defeated and have given up. We have not, and will not.

Jack Murray, the Public Relations Officer, and Police Superintendent Tommy Cashman took me to the New Territories, which we held under lease. We drove into the closed area, into the no man's land, to the border itself at Lo Wu. I expected to see warning signs on the way. There was only one. It said: "Danger—Beware of Golfballs" on the road near the Jockey Club.

There could hardly be anything more English. The Reds were a mile or two away; their armies threatened; and we were warning about golfballs!

I did not like Lo Wu much, and I am sure the Red sentries on the other side of the railway bridge did not like me. They stared glum and hostile—steel-limbed, gun-toting and menacing.

When pictures of Tommy Cashman and myself were taken by Jack Murray, two Red soldiers appeared and at once took photographs of us. It was obvious they had me tabbed as a spy.

No Tension

EIGHT thousand people cross the border every day, and there is talk of through rail traffic between Kowloon and Canton—but I wonder. The Chinese who have settled and prospered under British rule in Hongkong visit their relatives and friends in China and return, and the Chinese visit British Hongkong. Farmers cross each day to work in the fields. It is a two-way traffic, and the crowd at the border when I was there was like an excursion group. I was not conscious of any acute tension, although I did not like the Red Chinese sentries.

Of course, the Communists could take us and Hongkong any week-end if they wanted to. That is obvious. Our army says we could put up a show, and there is even talk of some bold strategy for us to penetrate the opposite side if we are ever attacked. But it does not make much sense to me.

We held Hongkong not by military force but by moral force, and because of the simple fact that a world war

Curiously, the railway porters on China's side wear blue caps, and the porters on our side wear red caps.

I also drove to Man Kam To, which is the road border. And the Red guards are even more tough there. I was warned not to go too close. There is no communication whatsoever between our men and the Red Chinese guards. The Communists don't talk, wave, smile or behave like human beings. It could not be more different than the US-Canadian border.

Wonderful Job

THE Communists blame propaganda at the Chinese on the British side, but one Chinese told me: "We don't listen—it's just noise."

Every day at 4.30 in the afternoon the border is closed and the barbed-wire goes up. We keep a spotlight trained on the other side, but the Communists don't.

Brilliant Jewel

AT Charles Stiles' mill I saw a them working. Charles said, "Doesn't look like sweated labour, does it? We pay them wages nearer West European standards than to American—more than half the British. I know we are not popular with Lancashire, but I'm Lancashire myself."

I said: "So am I." Now, what is Hongkong's future? The Americans say disaster and seizure by Communist China. The British say: "We will be here for years, building, doing business, making Hongkong ever better and more beautiful."

I cannot pretend to know the answer on such a brief visit. But my instinct is that the British are right; that the courage and confidence which have made Hongkong our most brilliant jewel will keep it in the Crown for a long, long time. (Copyright)

## JAPAN IS AGAIN A FORCE IN ASIA

By Dr PETER RUSSO

Japanese and Chinese-reading political expert on Far East affairs, who passed through Hongkong on his way to Japan earlier this week

ONLY once during the last three weeks of flying in and about Southeast Asia have I been in a plane that did not contain Japanese. I had no Japanese fellow-passengers on the return flight from the Federation of Malaya to Singapore.

"They haven't properly got round to us yet," said my Australian plane companion, an executive of a Singapore glass factory, "but they will, they will."

The irony of Japan's post-war incursions into Asian trade and industry is that they are so neat and correct; the Japanese are behaving just as the democratic doctors ordered, and the patient is doing fine—much better, indeed, than his competitors hoped he would do.

Where before the war, the Japanese had worked up a reputation for dumping shoddy goods or installing warped machinery, today some of the old European and American firms are raging over the SUPERIOR quality of Japanese goods and the high technical standards of Japanese industry.

### Bitterness fading

THERE is nothing like losing a war if you want to bring yourself up to date and get a head's start on the "winners."

I had been taking notes on Japan's Asian enterprise from the beginning of my tour, but I soon decided there was no way of keeping abreast and that I had better wait until I reached Japan.

Basic industries, hydro-electric power, steel bridges, huge refrigeration plants, glass and paper factories, to say nothing of the vast quantities of cheap, high-quality goods for the retail trade, all bear the mark of Nippon in Asia, hell-bent on business and economic recovery.

We can perhaps get some notion of the degree of Japanese trade expansion in Asia from the published figures, misleading as they generally are.

But of equal interest in the broader pattern of Asian development is the nature of the postwar relationships



between Japan and her Asian neighbours.

These are more difficult to construe, particularly for Europeans, and it is only rarely you get a reliable indication of the emotional barometer in Asia.

So far I would say (I shall not be in the Philippines for another two weeks) that some wartime bitterness toward Japan is still evident in Asia, but it is gradually being overcome by the profound and growing respect—sometimes indistinguishable from envy—for Japan's postwar achievements and recovery, and Japan's ranking status as the one Asian country that has taken the measure of the West in the technologies of peace as well as war.

"Swinging vote"

PERHAPS Thailand, which an unusually cynical SEATO European has called "the swinging vote of Asia," is not the most valid reflection of how the Japanese are being received by their Asian neighbours.

I think, however, I have hit upon one or two concrete signs during my rambles here that may indicate the trend of Asian feeling toward Japan, signs which, for obvious reasons, have not been wholly intelligible to European residents or visitors.

First, you should know that, in Thailand, where the Chinese population is so large, most Thai notices and advertisements have a Chinese translation directly below. Foreign films, too, carry Chinese as well as Thai translations.

### EVIDENCE:

Peter Russo shows these booklets to a Japanese who has been the second language to English in parts of the Orient.

To make sure, I drew the attention of an old British resident of Bangkok to the extensive "Chinese" advertising and distribution in the Thai Tourist Guide, an English publication intended mainly for visiting Europeans and Americans.

My friend said there was nothing unusual about such "Chinese" translations in Thailand, even in Thai tourist publications.

The point, as you may have guessed, was that these translations were NOT CHINESE BUT JAPANESE.

The Japanese language in the Thai Tourist Guide had become the second language after English; in one full page advertisement—the Crocodile Store—the Japanese came first and a small English summary followed.

Now, to appreciate the extraordinary respect and deference that has gone into these polished Japanese translations, one should remember that not only are Japanese commercial travellers abroad university graduates who read English perfectly, but, as they use the same Chinese characters, though in different sequence, in their own language, they can read Chinese advertising with equal readiness.

### It spells welcome

THE Thai Guide's linguistic gesture, the first of its kind in Asia, is, therefore, a pure token of good will, one which could be compared with an unnecessary translation of Australian hotel menus into Japanese (heavens above), to let Japanese good buyers know they are welcome and their money is good.

This does not mean that the odour of dampness does not hang heavy on the humid air of Asia.

It does, and the absurdity of the turnabout that China is looming as an industrial "monoc" which will try to take up where Japan left off.

Thai stores cluttered with cheap Chinese goods; they penetrate Java, Indonesia, India, and you know when—or whether—the trickle may develop into flood that will stifle product at home.

Growing in sympathy with Japan stems part from the desperate need of industrially backward Asian countries to stand on a technological feet as quick as possible.

They had dominion

THEIR dread now is "economic nationalism," the fear of alienation through overdependence on foreign aid or import which are not designed to keep them industrially self-sufficient or nearly so.

I do not think it is exaggerated to say that, despite Japan's time deprivations in Asia, bitter memories, the many of independent Asians did prefer, where possible, to acquire their technological know-how and industrial plants from fellow-Asians; the Japanese are the only Asians at present competent to do the job.

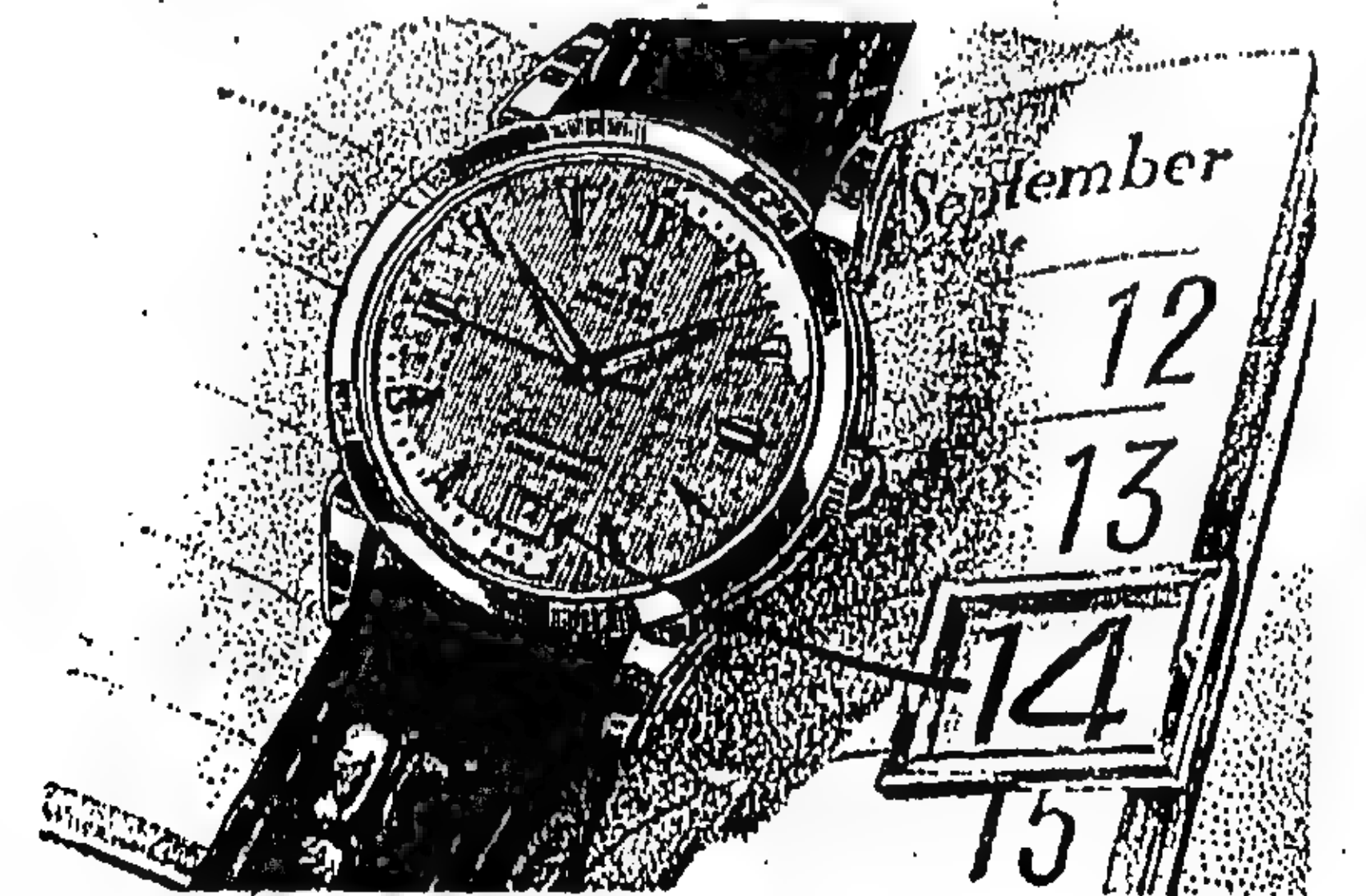


Give Your Memory a Holiday

with the Seamaster Calendar

The new self-winding Seamaster Calendar watch is the most faithful servant of time ever devised by watch-making science... telling the exact time and day of the month... accurately, automatically.

You can discard your wall calendar, you can forget old-fashioned stem winding. The Seamaster Calendar winds itself with every flick of your wrist. Automatically, too, the date mechanism changes every 24 hours. It's simple, sturdy, foolproof.



OMEGA Seamaster Calendar

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Genève, Switzerland.

Sole Agents: OMTIS LTD. OMEGA \* TROU 310 Gloucester Building





**LOOK**  
DRAMATIC NEW STYLING!

**LISTEN**  
DRAMATIC NEW SOUND!

**TELEFUNKEN**  
... FOR FAMILY FUN AND PLEASURE

Sole Distributors:  
**PACIFIC RADIO COMPANY**  
101, Des Voeux Rd., C.

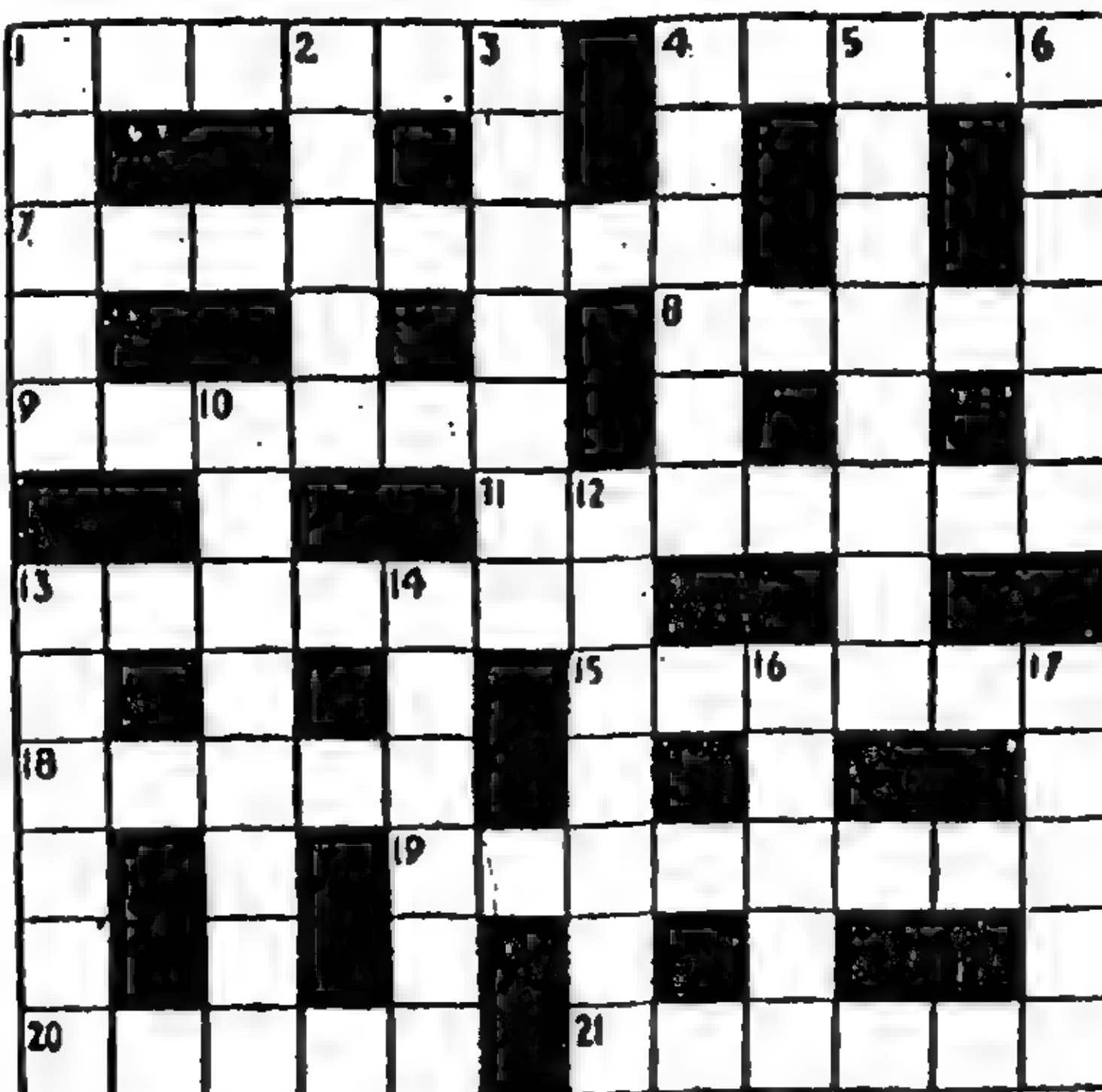
Sole Agents:  
**JACKSON MERCANTILE TRADING CO**  
Wing On Bank Building.

Available at all Leading Radio Dealers

All TELEFUNKEN models illustrated are TROPICALIZED

**QUALITY FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER**

## A British Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- 1 Swallowed (6).  
4 Indefinite (5).  
7 Gets better (8).  
8 Boy's name (5).  
9 Parent (6).  
11 Consoled (7).  
13 Began (7).  
15 Swindle (colloq.) (6).  
18 Change (5).  
19 Join up again (8).  
20 Relieved (5).  
21 Elephant (6).

## DOWN

- 1 Woe (5).  
2 Dry up (5).  
3 Different (7).  
4 Craft (6).  
5 Made faces (8).  
6 Worked for (6).  
14 Men guilty of treason (8).  
12 Remnant (7).  
13 Firm (6).  
14 Very hot (6).  
16 Valleys (5).  
17 Time in (5).

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 1. Ache, 4. Denture, 8. Real, 9. Flea, 10. Ransack, 11. Suet, 12. Bale, 14. Severed, 17. Arise, 19. Valse, 22. Esteems, 23. Verd, 27. Pie, 28. Popular, 29. Bake, 30. Left, 31. Meekness, 32. Sash. Down: 2. Cellar, 3. Erases, 4. Dances, 5. Elated, 6. Tasted, 7. Ruche, 12. Bare, 13. Loot, 15. Rule, 16. Deed, 18. Impide, 20. Arts, 21. Snakes, 23. Stole, 24. Equal, 25. Sires.

## ◆ BOOKS ◆ BOOKS ◆ BOOKS ◆ BOOKS ◆

## The MAN WHO WALKED OUT OF SIBERIA

Mr Rawicz, a Pole, was a prisoner in Camp 303. One year later he was in India—having set out without compass or water bottle to walk 3,000 miles across the Gobi Desert and the Himalayas to freedom.

By **ERIC WILLIAMS**

author of "The Wooden Horse"

THOSE of us who thrilled to John Buchan and Dornford Yates, and followed Bulldog Drummond in his beer-swilling career of illicit philanthropy, had pretty fixed ideas about the physical appearance and behaviour of a man of action.

There was the steely eye and the determined chin, all the slight tell-tale signs to warn an aggressor that here was a man to be treated with a certain circumspection.

With the war fought and won, and the men who won it mostly back in civilian life, we have learned that we cannot always tell these things by outward signs.

The mild-mannered business man in the bowler hat who sits beside us in the Tube has killed with a knife in the soft Aegean night, or spent days without food or water on a raft in mid-Atlantic.

The war, with its chaotic reshuffling of so many of our

lives, made heroes out of bank clerks, men of action out of poets, poets out of men of action.

Now, after 15 years, Slavomir Rawicz, once an officer in a crack Polish cavalry regiment and today a salesman in a retail store "somewhere in the Midlands," tells of his escape from a forced labour camp in Siberia. It is the story of one of the most amazing journeys on foot ever recorded.

## TRUMPED-UP

Although he fought on the Polish Western Front against Germany in the double rape of Poland in September 1939, it was on a trumped-up charge by the Russians of spying on the eastern boundary that he was arrested two months later.

The fact that he had as a boy learned to speak perfect Russian from his Russian mother was enough to convince them that he was a spy, but for form's sake they had to get a signed confession.

For a whole year they tried out on him the more ingenious methods devised by civilized man to make a human being talk, to make him sign a document he was never allowed to read.

He was confined for six months in a chimney-like cell where he could only stand and which was never cleaned, so that the miserable prisoner had to live in his own mounting filth. He was taken out of this cell for interrogation and torture only.

His chief inquisitor, "The Bull," hit him on the jaw with his pistol butt, so that he spat out teeth and his face swelled, and the next day the Bull said, "You look lopsided," and bashed his other cheek to "square you up."

A patch of hair the size of a coin was shaved from the crown of his head. Sometimes soldiers in relays tapped this spot at two-second intervals; at others, it

steady drip, drip of icy water was directed on to it for hours on end.

But Rawicz was one of the Bull's few failures. They moved him to Lubyanka goal, and tried hanger. There the stuff they dumped on to him was not ice water, and on to the back of his hand not the top of his head. Still he held out, and he never consciously signed the confession.

He underwent the formality of a trial, was found guilty and sentenced to 25 years' hard labour in Siberia.

There was a nightmare journey in winter to Camp 303, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle. The first 3,000 miles was by train, 60 men packed tight in cattle trucks, moving only at night, in secrecy. Then the prisoners walked 800 miles at four miles an hour, chained behind a lorry, until the fury of a Siberian blizzard halted the vehicles.

## TETHERED

The officer commanding the convoy summoned reindeer sledges, and they finished the last 200 miles lethered behind these.

They slept out, and were fed twice a day on bread and ersatz coffee. Many of the older men died on the journey.

When they reached Camp 303 Rawicz at last saw the possibility of escape. He was underfed by lack of provisions, lack of clothing, and the vast distance to be covered on foot without map, compass or water bottle. He chose six companions: a Yugoslav, two other Poles, a Lithuanian, a Latvian and an American. After making what preparations they could, they escaped from the camp in April 1941, in a snowstorm, and began to walk south.

## ATE SNAKES

During their long walk of over 3,000 miles, they broke the ice and caught fish in a northern river, killed a deer trapped by its antlers in the roots of a tree, ate snakes in the Gobi Desert. But these were exceptional occasions that stuck in the memory. For most of that year's march they were near starving and, in the desert, without sufficient water.

They met a young Polish girl escaping from a forced labour farm, and befriended her, taking her along with them. She was the first to die.

Finally four survivors, barely alive, staggered down the southern slopes into India, where they were welcomed by a British army patrol.

The privations Rawicz and his companions overcame proves once again that the free spirit is invincible. The help they gave to each other and to the girl, and the hospitality they received from Mongolians and Tibetans, restored in the author the faith in humanity that his treatment as a prisoner had destroyed.

## SORRY FOR BARRY

By **NANCY SPAIN**

**COLONEL ROBERT HENRIQUES** writes very differently of love and business. But then he is a most distinguished writer.

**RED OYER GREEN** (Collins 13s. 6d.) is all about a collector called Barry whose wife is dying. Barry falls in love with Kate. He, alas, thinks Kate no better than she ought to be. (This is just his imagination. Kate is ever so nice really.)

Barry (plus up in 1938, thinking that the Army will be the making of him). It is indeed. By 1940 Barry has lost his paunch, become a commando, and led a very exciting raid on the French coast, where he helps put out of action an aircraft detector called a Flugzeugenterraele. Fortunately its code word is Barwig.

Colonel Henriques is awfully good about men: his portraits of brigadiers, colonels, generals have not been better done, not even by Evelyn Waugh.

So I think it is awfully sad that he writes so unappetizingly of love. I am sure that this is because he is so exasperated by his heroine, Kate.

All ends happily (with Kate and Barry driving away into the sunset), but I can't help being sorry for Barry. I don't see how anyone could be happily married to a woman who says every five minutes "How's Mr Barry?"

That seems to me as irritating as the husband who finds a little job to do at the bottom of the garden as soon as Sunday lunch is on the table.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter

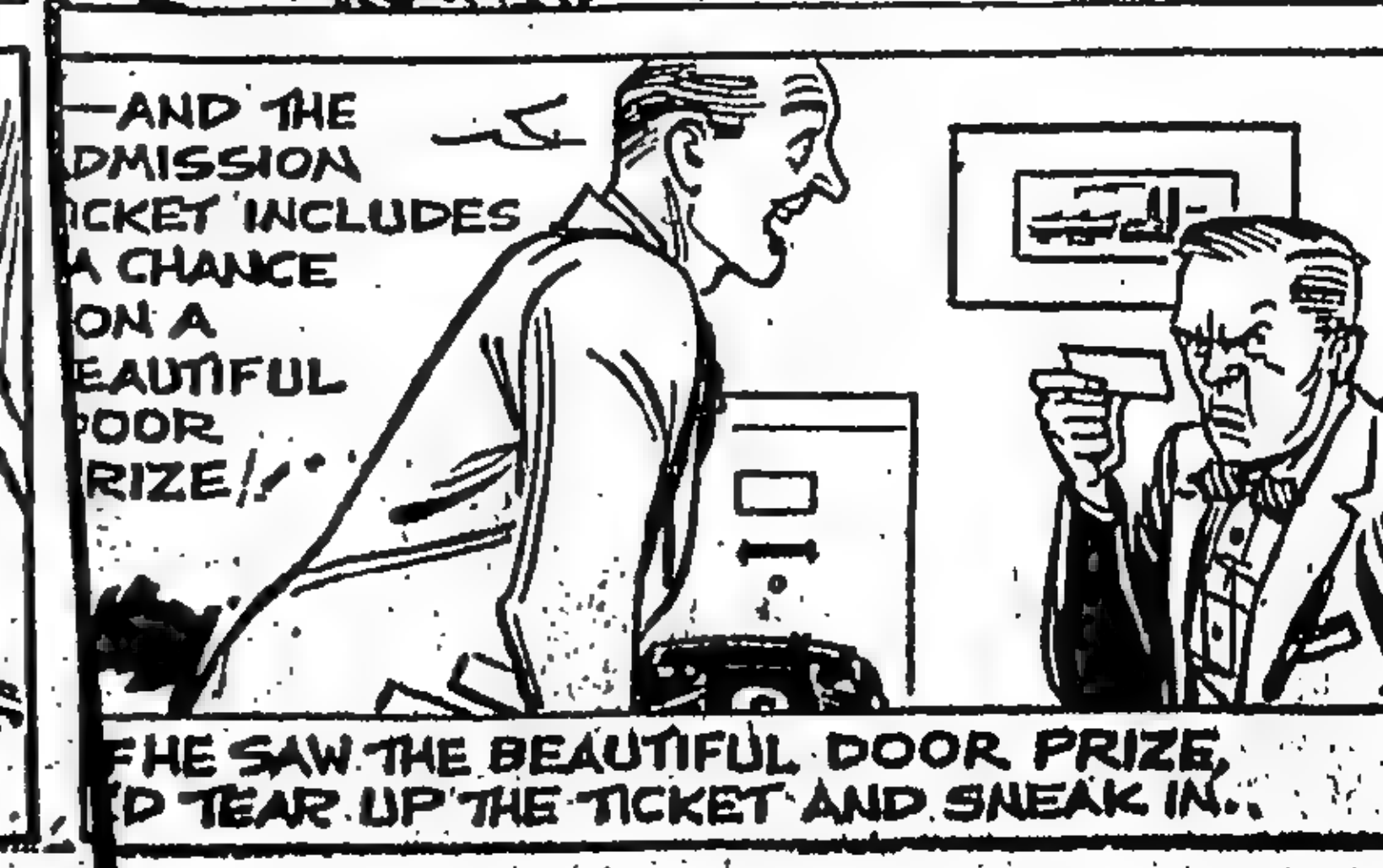
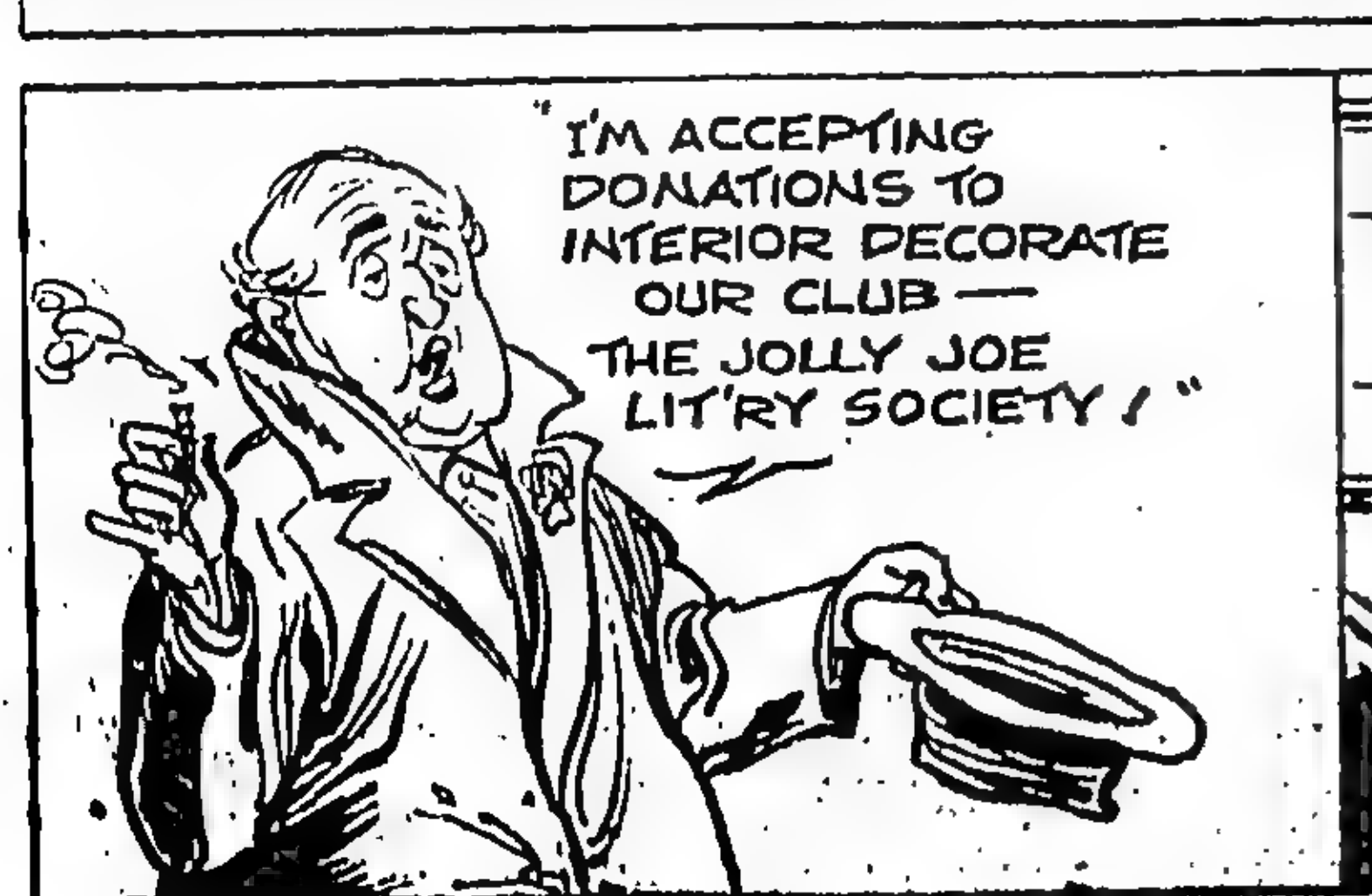
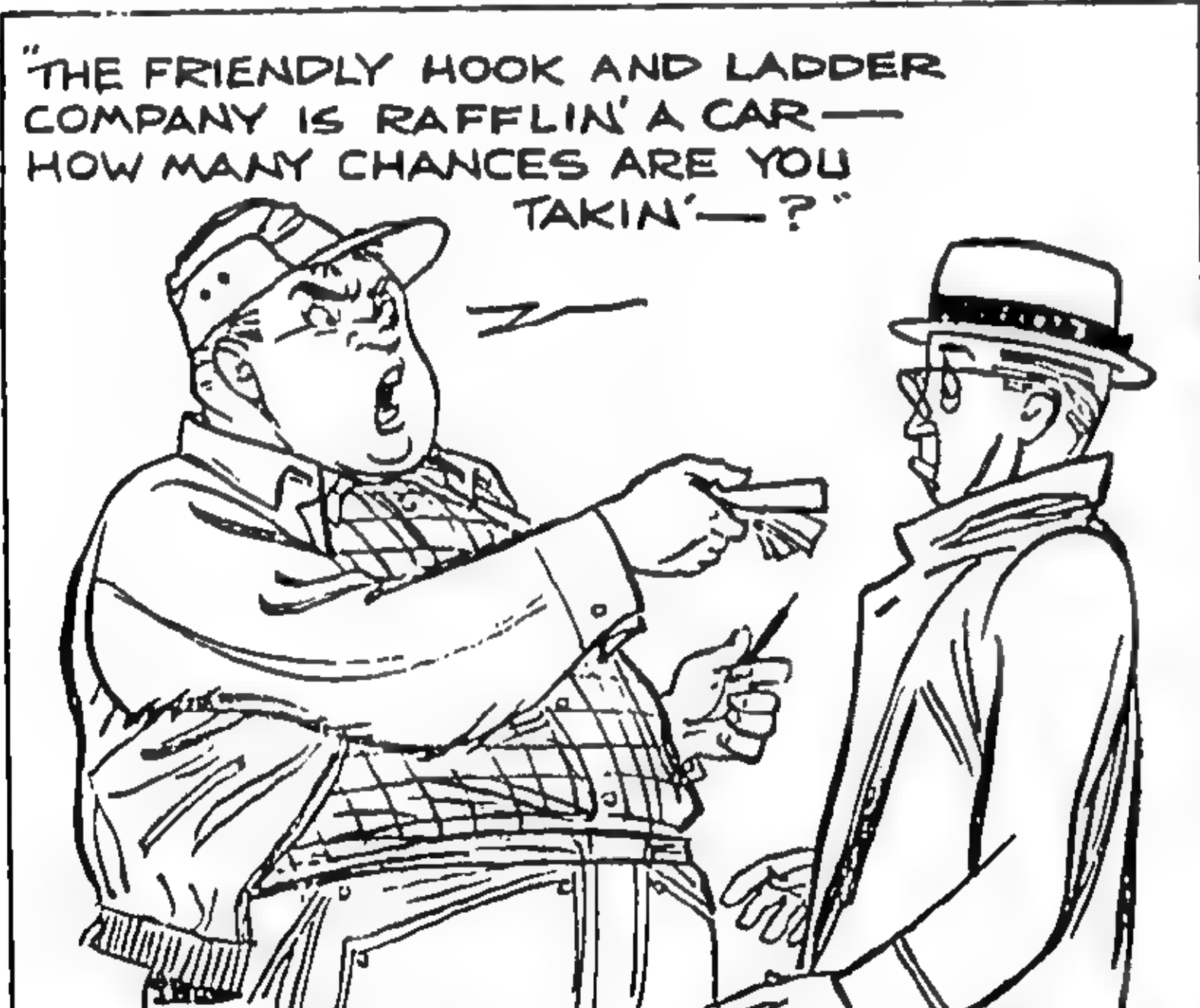


\* The Long Walk, by Slavomir Rawicz (Constable, 15s.).

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Passing The Hat

BY **HARRY WEINERT**



HE SAW THE BEAUTIFUL DOOR PRIZE AND TEAR UP THE TICKET AND SNEAK IN.



# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## "Beginner's Please"—New Series Starts On Thursday Night



Celebrated variety artiste Tessa O'Shea, who can be heard in "The Tessa O'Shea Show" from Radio Hongkong on Tuesday evening at 8.15.

On Thursday, at 8.45, listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear the first edition of another series of amateur talent contests, "Beginner's Please", compiled by John Wallace. There will be six weekly programmes, and the winner of each Heat will be invited to compete in the finals for cash prizes.

The winners of each programme will be determined, as in the last series, by applause from the studio audience, and a panel of judges. If you would like to join the studio audience, or take part as a competitor, you should write to the producer, Hilary Green, at Radio Hongkong, Post Office Box 200.

The Military and Dance Sections of the RAF Band of the Far East Air Force are on a short visit to Hongkong, for the occasion of the Queen's Birthday Parade. Radio Hongkong will be presenting two programmes by the orchestra during the coming week.

The first, tomorrow evening, will be a concert by the Military Band, under their conductor, the Director of Music, Mr. L. W. G. Newman, RAF, and they will be playing by kind permission of the Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal Sir Francis Fressanges, KCB, CB.

Their programme will include "The Jolly Sailor", "Yeomen of England" sung by John Hull, and ends with a selection from "Guys and Dolls". It will be on the air at half past seven.

The second programme, on Wednesday evening at 10.30, will be given by the Dance section of the orchestra, and on this occasion their leader will be Sgt. Bryn Jones. Both these programmes have been recorded at the RAF cinema at Kai Tak, before a service audience, and are introduced by John Wallace.

Tessa O'Shea Show  
One of the most famous of English variety stars, comedienne Tessa O'Shea, affectionately known as "Two Ton Tessa", gives a concert for patients and servicemen this afternoon at the 33rd General Hospital, Kowloon.

Supporting Tessa O'Shea in the show are Alie Halls, Patricia Hall, Peter Kent and Ernest Wampole, and excerpts from it can be heard by listeners to Radio Hongkong at 8.15 on Tuesday evening.

### MUSIC

Tomorrow evening's Sunday Concert features a programme recorded by the BBC at the ninth Edinburgh International Festival, in which the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, play with soloists Zino Francescatti (violin) and Pierre Fournier (cello).

Recital: An interesting programme has been chosen by Ely Alvea (viola) and Moya Rea (piano) for their broadcast recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at 8.30.

### THIS WEEK

If you've ever wondered how aircraft in a fly past get in the right place at the right time, tonight's edition of the topical news magazine, "This Week", will give you the answer. In this programme Sgt. Ldr. Blackham will discuss the difficulties of getting very slow and very fast aircraft to arrive at a saluting base at a certain time.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, made a tour of inspection of the Tai Lam Chung reservoir area this week. Radio Hongkong brings you a report of his visit and a short interview with one of the engineers concerned.

As listeners will have heard, Tessa O'Shea is in town, and in this programme, she discusses her recent tour in Korea and gives details of her show.

Listeners will also hear an account of a visit to an ocean-going liner which is carrying show cases of Hongkong goods, and news of a big Rotary Inter-City Forum now being held in the Colony.

"This Week" can be heard at 7.30 this evening.

### SPORT

Commentaries on Association Football matches, Sing Tao v.

South China and RAF v. KMB will be broadcast today and tomorrow respectively, from 6.30 to 7.15 p.m. over Radio Hongkong. There will also, as usual on Saturday evenings, be a round-up of the highlights of the week's sport.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second).

### Today

- 12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
- 1.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 1.35 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 2.00 JUST FOR YOU. Presented by Paula.
- 2.05 A LIFE OF HINDS—WRITTEN BY GUDRIY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 8.
- 2.10 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Bob Noble (radio).
- 2.40 "DAMN VANDERBILT". Selections sung by the Princess, and Chorus of the Broadway Production. Produced by Hal Hastings.
- 2.45 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY. Conducted by Pablo Marin.
- 3.00 STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
- 3.05 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 3.10 SONGS OF HAWAII. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians.
- 3.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 3.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 3.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 3.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 4.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 4.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 4.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

### Sunday

- 10.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
- 10.12 MORNING MELODY.
- 10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
- 11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE. From St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon. Preacher: The Rev. Eric Hagg.
- 12.00 NOON MASTERS OF MELODY. Charles Williams and his orchestra.
- 12.05 P.M. POPULAR CONCERT. The Swan (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 1.05 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.15 SPORTS TIME.
- 1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. With Howard Barlow Orchestra and Chorus.
- 3.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lester, Bill Kerr, Sidney James.
- 3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 4.30 PEZCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 5.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Vic Lewis and his orchestra.
- 5.30 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.00 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 6.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 6.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 6.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 7.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

With Radle and Back at the pianos.

- 8.45 ALFREDO ANTONINI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 9.05 THE GOON SHOW (DRCT). Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The End".
- 9.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Dick Young. Produced by John Wallace.
- 10.00 POPULAR CLASSICS. Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 10 (Grieg)—Clifford Curzon (piano) with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Emileur.
- 10.30 SATURDAY STORY. "The Blacking Forest" by John Bonett. Read by Ted Thomas.
- 10.45 RADIO DANCE DATE.
- 11.20 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second).

### Today

- 12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
- 1.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 1.35 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 2.00 JUST FOR YOU. Presented by Paula.
- 2.05 A LIFE OF HINDS—WRITTEN BY GUDRIY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 8.
- 2.10 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Bob Noble (radio).
- 2.40 "DAMN VANDERBILT". Selections sung by the Princess, and Chorus of the Broadway Production. Produced by Hal Hastings.
- 2.45 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY. Conducted by Pablo Marin.
- 3.00 STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
- 3.05 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 3.10 SONGS OF HAWAII. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians.
- 3.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 3.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 3.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 3.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 4.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 4.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 4.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

### Sunday

- 10.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
- 10.12 MORNING MELODY.
- 10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
- 11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE. From St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon. Preacher: The Rev. Eric Hagg.
- 12.00 NOON MASTERS OF MELODY. Charles Williams and his orchestra.
- 12.05 P.M. POPULAR CONCERT. The Swan (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 1.05 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.15 SPORTS TIME.
- 1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. With Howard Barlow Orchestra and Chorus.
- 3.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lester, Bill Kerr, Sidney James.
- 3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 4.30 PEZCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 5.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Vic Lewis and his orchestra.
- 5.30 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.00 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 6.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 6.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 6.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 7.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

OF THE FAR EAST AIR FORCE.

- 8.45 ALFREDO ANTONINI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 9.05 THE GOON SHOW (DRCT). Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The End".
- 9.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Dick Young. Produced by John Wallace.
- 10.00 POPULAR CLASSICS. Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 10 (Grieg)—Clifford Curzon (piano) with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Emileur.
- 10.30 SATURDAY STORY. "The Blacking Forest" by John Bonett. Read by Ted Thomas.
- 10.45 RADIO DANCE DATE.
- 11.20 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second).

### Today

- 12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
- 1.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 1.35 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 2.00 JUST FOR YOU. Presented by Paula.
- 2.05 A LIFE OF HINDS—WRITTEN BY GUDRIY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 8.
- 2.10 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Bob Noble (radio).
- 2.40 "DAMN VANDERBILT". Selections sung by the Princess, and Chorus of the Broadway Production. Produced by Hal Hastings.
- 2.45 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY. Conducted by Pablo Marin.
- 3.00 STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
- 3.05 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 3.10 SONGS OF HAWAII. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians.
- 3.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 3.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 3.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 3.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 4.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 4.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 4.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

### Sunday

- 10.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
- 10.12 MORNING MELODY.
- 10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
- 11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE. From St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon. Preacher: The Rev. Eric Hagg.
- 12.00 NOON MASTERS OF MELODY. Charles Williams and his orchestra.
- 12.05 P.M. POPULAR CONCERT. The Swan (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 1.05 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.15 SPORTS TIME.
- 1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. With Howard Barlow Orchestra and Chorus.
- 3.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lester, Bill Kerr, Sidney James.
- 3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 4.30 PEZCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 5.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Vic Lewis and his orchestra.
- 5.30 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.00 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 6.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 6.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 6.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 7.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

DOUBLE ATTRACTION.

- 8.45 ALFREDO ANTONINI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 9.05 THE GOON SHOW (DRCT). Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The End".
- 9.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Dick Young. Produced by John Wallace.
- 10.00 POPULAR CLASSICS. Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 10 (Grieg)—Clifford Curzon (piano) with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Emileur.
- 10.30 SATURDAY STORY. "The Blacking Forest" by John Bonett. Read by Ted Thomas.
- 10.45 RADIO DANCE DATE.
- 11.20 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second).

### Today

- 12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
- 1.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 1.35 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 2.00 JUST FOR YOU. Presented by Paula.
- 2.05 A LIFE OF HINDS—WRITTEN BY GUDRIY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 8.
- 2.10 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Bob Noble (radio).
- 2.40 "DAMN VANDERBILT". Selections sung by the Princess, and Chorus of the Broadway Production. Produced by Hal Hastings.
- 2.45 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY. Conducted by Pablo Marin.
- 3.00 STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
- 3.05 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 3.10 SONGS OF HAWAII. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians.
- 3.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 3.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 3.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 3.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 4.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 4.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 4.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

### Sunday

- 10.00 P.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
- 10.12 MORNING MELODY.
- 10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
- 11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE. From St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon. Preacher: The Rev. Eric Hagg.
- 12.00 NOON MASTERS OF MELODY. Charles Williams and his orchestra.
- 12.05 P.M. POPULAR CONCERT. The Swan (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.
- 1.05 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.15 SPORTS TIME.
- 1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. With Howard Barlow Orchestra and Chorus.
- 3.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lester, Bill Kerr, Sidney James.
- 3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
- 4.30 PEZCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 5.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Vic Lewis and his orchestra.
- 5.30 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.00 THE TONNELL ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Frank Lehar.
- 6.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Sing Tao v. South China. Commentary from the Club Ground.
- 6.45 REPETITION CONCERT ENCORES. With Emanuel Bay at the piano.
- 6.50 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens). Melody in F major, Op. 22 No. 2 (Chopin). Propriet Bird, Op. 82 No. 7 (Schubert). Violon No. 4 (Kreisler)—Jascha Heifetz (violin).
- 6.55 "THIS WEEK". A report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
- 7.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Beatrice Lillie.

### Wednesday

- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
- 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.
- 7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 8.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 8.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 8.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 8.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 8.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 9.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.05 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 9.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 9.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 9.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 9.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 9.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 10.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 10.05 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 10.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 10.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 10.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 10.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 10.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 11.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.05 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
- 11.30 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

### Thursday

- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
- 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.
- 7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 8.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 8.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 8.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 8.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 8.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 9.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.05 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 9.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 9.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 9.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 9.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 9.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 10.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 10.05 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
- 11.30 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 MUSIC FOR YOU (DRCT).

- 8.15 MUSIC FOR YOU (DRCT). Errol Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Karl Horitz (cello), Marie Costello (bass).
- 8.45 BEGINNER'S PLEASE. First programme in the second series of Radio Hongkong's Amateur Talent Show. Compere: John Wallace. Producer: Hilary Green.
- 9.15 AT THE OPERA. "Otello" Acts 1 and 2 (Verdi). Soloists: Gino Barti, Anna La Pollo, Antonio Maria Serra, Romo Opera House Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Alberto Piretti.
- 10.25 INTERLUDE.
- 10.30 ONE NIGHT STAND. Louis Armstrong and his Hot Seven.
- 10.45 Wild Man Blues: S.O.L. Blues—Louis Armstrong (vocally) Gully Low Blues (Armstrong)—Louis Armstrong (vocally); Weary Blues: Twelfth Street Rag; Willie the Weeper; Keyhole Blues—Louis Armstrong (vocally); Alligator Blues; Chicago Breakdown—Featuring Earl Hines.
- 10.50 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
- 11.30 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

### Friday

- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
- 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.
- 7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 8.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 8.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 8.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 8.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 8.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 9.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.05 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 9.10 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
- 9.30 CLOSE DOWN.
- 9.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 9.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 9.50 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 10.00 WEATHER REPORT.
- 10.05 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
- 11.30 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

### BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 21.530 Mr/s, 13.93m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

#### SATURDAY, APRIL 21

- 6.45 p.m. FOR CHILDREN. The Adventures of Pinocchio.
- 7.30 A LIFE OF HINDS.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

#### SUNDAY, APRIL 22

- 6.45 p.m. METROPOLITAN ORCHESTRA.
- 7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

#### MONDAY, APRIL 23

- 6.45 p.m. GRAND HOTEL.
- 7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

#### THURSDAY, APRIL 26

- 6.45 p.m. MUSIC FOR LIGHTER MOOD.
- 7.30 THE ARCHERS.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

#### FRIDAY, APRIL 27

- 6.45 p.m. "CRANFORD".
- 7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

#### WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25

- 6.45 p.m. A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND.
- 7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
- 8.25 REPORT FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.
- 9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
- 10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
- 11.15 GRAND HOTEL.

### FERNAND



**On R.C.A. VICTOR.**  
33-1/3 RPM RECORDINGS

MAZURKAS (Complete) Artur Rubinstein (Piano)

CONCERTO NO. 2, IN F MINOR, OP. 21  
Alexander Brailowsky (piano) with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch

SONATA NO. 2, IN B-FLAT MINOR, OP. 35  
Sonata No. 3, IN B MINOR, OP. 58  
Alexander Brailowsky (Piano)

CONCERTO NO. 1  
Rubinstein (Piano) with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

SCHERZOS NO. 1, IN B MINOR, OP. 20 — NO. 2, IN B-FLAT MINOR, OP. 31 — NO. 3, IN C SHARP MINOR, OP. 39 — NO. 4, IN E, OP. 54. — Artur Rubinstein (Piano)

PRELUDES OPUS 28 — Artur Rubinstein (Piano)

**MOUTRIES**

15 Chater Road, Hong Kong.  
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon.

Tel. 20527  
Tel. 68019





Distributors: Dodwell &amp; Co., Ltd., Hongkong.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB ELEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 28th April and Saturday, 5th May, 1956.  
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.  
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADIES BROCHURES ARE VALID UNTIL THE END OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.  
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.  
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 3, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not later than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th April, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

### SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 28th April, 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# HAS THE REFEREE ANY IMPLIED RESPONSIBILITY TO SOCCER SPECTATORS?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Arising out of the International Cup final at the Club Stadium on Wednesday evening one might well be tempted to ask if a soccer referee, who is taking part in what is after all a form of entertainment, has in addition to his official duties an implied responsibility to the public.

I realise only too well that there are those who will jump in and say that the referee's only job is to see that the game is played in accordance with the appropriate rules, and just as definitely I must comment that when admission tickets are sold, there is sold with them an implication of public entertainment.

That implication covers everyone who has anything to do with the particular game and surely embraces the organisers, players and field officials to an all too obvious degree.

The game on Wednesday was played under floodlights and with commendable foresight — based on local experience — the Hongkong Football Association provided a generous supply of

white balls in order that the players, and the spectators, might have the advantage of the best possible playing and watching conditions.

The balls used in Hongkong are ordinary footballs sprayed with a special white enamel. They are absolutely satisfactory for a limited period, but as the enamel chips off, the balls soon become dark brown in colour and are consequently difficult to follow in flight and that is true both from a player and spectator point of view.

It is for this reason that the Association has provided a large reserve of balls on the side line.

On Wednesday evening the hard ground made the life of the white coating on the balls very short and before the first half had progressed more than half its time the ball was virtually brown.

The officials at the side of the playing pitch realised that this was making it difficult to follow the play from a distance. The Secretary of the HKFA rolled one of the new balls out to the referee while play was stopped — the action was not intended to infringe the referee's authority, but was made in the spirit of a helpful gesture — only to see the ball kicked back out of play by Referee Gazy.

No one with any sense of fairness or appreciation of the laws of the game would seek to intrude into the referee's sphere of authority but surely one would have expected the official to give some thought, not only to the players but also to the thousands of spectators who had paid hard-earned dollars to watch the match.

Many keen followers of the game felt as I did that on this occasion Mr. Gazy, who has built up an enviable reputation in the Colony for general competency, showed a lamentable lack of judgment and revealed a poor appreciation of the main requirements of football under the lights.

A dogmatic attitude should not be regarded as synonymous with strength, nor stubbornness with dignity.

### ORIGINAL THOUGHT

I am sure Hongkong soccer fans will be interested in a truly remarkable proposal recently tabled within the Argentine Football Association. It has been suggested in all seriousness that in future all important soccer matches should start at 7.45 a.m. ... yes ... a.m. ... in the morning!

The proposal is intended as a method of curbing the fiery crowds. It is contended by the sponsors of the idea that by starting early in the morning the spectators would be much easier to handle and that riots, so common in recent times, would be eliminated.

The proposal also contains the suggestion that the spectators would do a much better day's work after seeing the game than they have ever done in the periods of anticipation before it.

Well at least we have to admit that there is a speck of original thought in that. I wonder how many spectators we would get at the Government Stadium at 7.45 a.m. to see South China and Eastern?

IN RIGHT DIRECTION

The HKFA are to be congratulated on deciding to stage one of the games of the Spanish series under floodlights at the Club Stadium. This is a step in the right direction and it is one that should have been taken some time ago.

Before the game takes place, however, some adjustment must be made to the light clusters in the Club pylons. The present setting is far from satisfactory and the lighting is far removed from its extremely efficient state of last season.

The settings at the Defence Force and are very poor and apart from producing dark patches on the pitch they are throwing very disconcerting shadows across the goalkeeper's line of vision.

Mr. Terry Dyer, who did so much good work during the installation of the lighting system, is now back in the Club organisation and we must hope that he has marked down the lights for early adjustment.

### NOT ON ITS OWN

Hongkong is not on its own as a centre of intermittent refereeing controversy. A real beauty has just blown up in Scotland and has already spilled over the Border as a talking point — and as a sports writer's tit-bit.

Briefly this is what happened. In a vital League match between Rangers and Motherwell, Baird, the Rangers inside forward — his young brother-in-law — is now in the Colony — fouled Paton, the opposing centre-half. The referee blew his whistle and awarded a free-kick to Motherwell. After he had given his decision, but before the kick was taken, Paton retaliated and fouled Baird.

The referee took Paton's name and then shocked the crowd by reversing his previous decision and awarding a kick to Rangers!

The whole incident has had the widest publicity in the U.K. and it is understood that the appropriate committee of the Scottish Football Association is to hold a full investigation into the matter — and their actions are being watched with considerable interest. The path of referees, like that of true love, never do run smooth.

### WEEK-END GAMES

There is an interesting programme of senior games this week-end when the destination of the League Championship trophy may well be settled.

The full list of games is as follows: Today: Sing Tao v. South China at Club; Police v. Club at Boundary Street.

Tomorrow: R.A.F. v. K.M.B. at Caroline Hill; Royal Navy v. Army at Causeway Bay; Kwong Wah v. Eastern at Boundary Street.

All games start at 5.30 p.m. It is virtually an all-Chinese week-end as far as major interest is concerned. The clash between Sing Tao and South China this afternoon should attract a bumper gate to the Club.

A lot will depend on whether or not Yiu Cheuk-yin is fit after the nasty tumble he took on Wednesday evening. Sing Tao are never better than when set against the top dogs and if the lively young Tiger forwards can keep clear of the robust South China defence their speed will make this a very close affair. ... but it looks very much like a South China win.

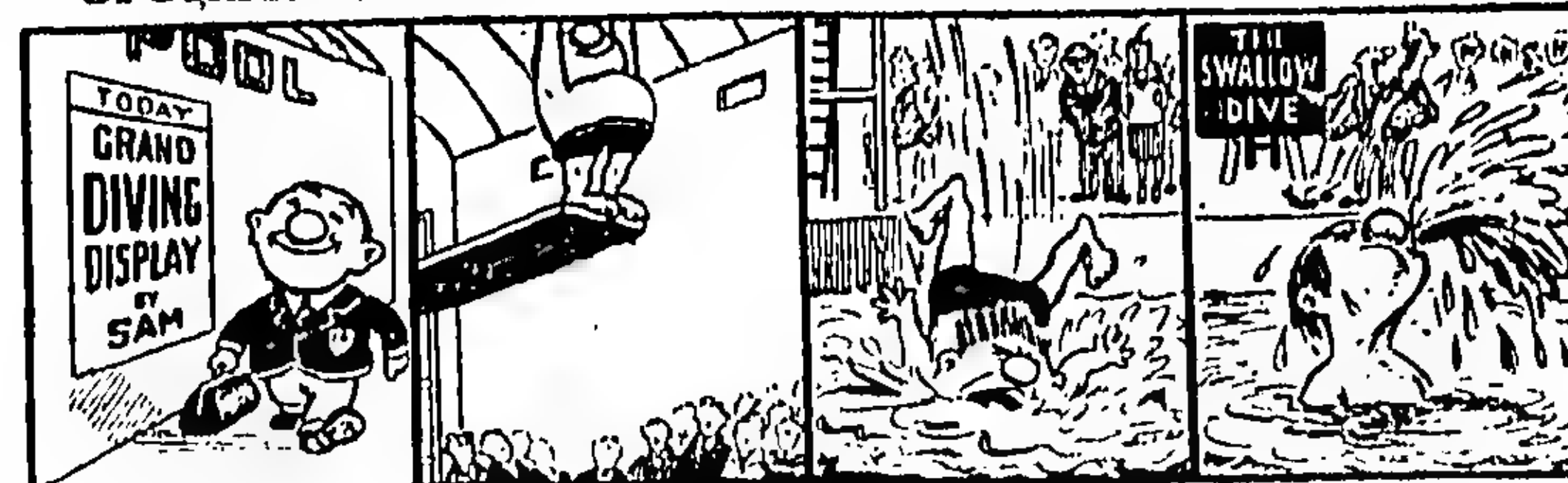
Across the Harbour Police should have little difficulty in beating the Club.

Eastern will regard their return game with Kwong Wah very seriously at Boundary Street tomorrow. Injuries are taking a heavy toll of the Eastern playing strength and once again they might do little better than scrape home.

K.M.B. should get the points against R.A.F. while the Inter-Services clash may see Army and Navy dividing the points.

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

# Braves Take On Saints In A Clash Of The League Leaders

By "TIME OUT"

Dominating all softball activities at the park this week is the long-awaited return clash of the League leaders as Ed Carvalho's Braves take on their old perennial rivals, the Saints. With the hot Senior "A" Pennant chase on its last lap, Jindo Hussain's Saint Joseph's will have to cop this important tussle for a two-way tie at the head of the League table and a play-off to settle the issue.

Overshadowed by the "Game of the Year" in the Senior Men's League, the distaff circuit takes secondary honours in this week's thrill-packed card with a play-off of their own as the joint leaders, Wahoons and Capandas, battle it out in tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 10.00 a.m. for the coveted Ladies' Senior Trophy.

In the other Senior "A" games slated, the "also-rans" clash in a slugfest to garner secure positions in the pennant ladder. Featured at 11.30 a.m. C.C. Lee's cellar-dwelling Chinese Athletics will be striving for their second win of the season when they meet the erstwhile Blackhawks while the afternoon skirmish at 2.00 p.m. finds the Warriors rounding off their fixtures with a duel against the young Hongkong Pandas.

Highlighting Senior "B" Division activities this week, the lowly Hongkong University nine take on a double-header as they take on the Comets at 4.00 p.m. this afternoon and the champion Delawares at 5.00 p.m. tomorrow.

### LONG AWAITED

At last it has arrived, the long awaited return clash between the Braves and the Saints. These two top teams have always been meeting for the decision of the Senior "A" title and this year is no exception as the Braves and the Saints, with a victory tomorrow, may enter a two-way deadlock for top honours with a play-off as the decider.

In the many years of post-war softball, these two teams have won between them a total of seven Senior "A" Championships, the Saints capturing four while the Braves took three.

By virtue of their slight edge in the League tables, Ed Carvalho's Braves enter the field as favourites despite their first-round defeat at the hands of the Joys.

Featured on the mound for the Tribe is none other than Vic Pedruco, the colony's leading hurler. Pedruco is about only hurler in his division who holds the distinction of not having cracked up once during the whole season and with his masterful easy motion on the slab he acquired for himself the honour of having represented the local side in all exhibition games against visiting ball teams.

Holding the mound fast tomorrow, Pedruco will have on the receiving end the rifle arm of Reggie Matos whose uncanny "pegs" across the diamond are highly respected by base-pitchers.

Sparkling the infield quartet for this champion team is ball hawk Junior Remedios, dynamite at the bat and poison shortstop. Covering the same section with Remedios, Brave followers will probably find the reliable mitt of fleet-footed Eddie "Kid" Loureiro stationed at the hot corner. Sky-scraping Carlaw "Old" Remedios is a certainty liable to Yvanovich in the initial sack, while the ever-dangerous second base should find "Tiger" Hussain at work.

The hard-hitting outfield trio to face the starter in this key tussle will prove quite a head-scratcher for Carvalho in the selection, as his array of stars in the fly-chasing department includes such notable names as

Tony "Powerhouse" Gutierrez, Budji "Fence-buster" Dhabar, Dickie "Angel" Chaves and pull-hitters Derrick Smirke and Jack Brown.

However, judging from past performances and reliability in the "clutch", the trio roaming the pastures in the outer line of defence will be Chaves at left, Gutierrez at centre and southpaw Budji Dhabar at right.

### TEAM PLAY MATTERS

For the Joys pilot Jindo Hussain cannot boast such an array of top performers but he has proved in his many championship games that "individuals" do not win a ballgame and it is only team play and cohesion that matters. Still fielding an odd assortment of "old salts" throughout the years, the Saints have made a name for themselves in local softball circles, proving local experience and understanding will always account for deficiency in speed and age.

Toeing the rubber for this mighty squad is southpaw hurler A.R. Salich, steadiness personified, while hindsneatching duties will be in the capable hands of "Stonewall" Mario Pereira, a key factor in this formidable line-up.

The infield four stars a variety of top-notch veterans with each player being the complete master of his post.

At the initial sack, Janiky Ken Donaldson, formerly of American Club fame and a threat to all pitchers, takes the stand while the other racks at second and third feature Art "Mighty Mile" Orosio and indispensable Benny Omar respectively.

The outstanding item in this new quartet is no one but sure-footed Claudio Pugh whose brilliant handling of the job at the windy plicy in the Exhibition tussle against the Sheng-li drew many rounds of applause. In the outfield against the League's top sluggers, mentor Hussain will probably star Gus Pereira at left, speed-artist A. C. Lemait at centre and block-busting Dave "Bambino" Leonard in the right section.

Both teams are evenly matched for this key tussle and fans trooping out to the park will have a day well spent as thrills upon thrills will be keeping rabid followers hoarse with applause as the innings shorten and tension mounts.

On paper the Braves have an edge in the offensive, while the Joys lead in the defence and hold the psychological factor on their side by virtue of their first-round triumph. This makes the outcome all the more interesting and with a Championship at stake both teams will be throwing every trick in the trade into the issue.

### LADIES' PLAY-OFF

Though taking a back seat in this week's thrilling card, the Ladies' Play-offs will not be devoid of thrills as these teams held some glads to their goals for eleven full innings in their last meeting before the Wahoons bowed to the youthful Capandas.

As they meet again for a final time in a winner take all, early risers tomorrow will find themselves treated to some classy softball with the feminine touch.

## FANS.

PLASTIC-PAINTING FANS,  
101 ALUM. HANDLE PAPER FOLDING  
FANS & SANDALWOOD-SILK FANS ETC.

JUB TAI CHOON FAN FTY.  
234, QUEEN'S ROAD, C.  
HONG KONG  
TEL. 37081 CABLE: 6170

## NEW! Direct Service from San Francisco to PANAMA, CARACAS and other cities in South America!

Now—your choice of gateway cities to Central and South America! Fly from San Francisco, Pan American's newest gateway... or from Los Angeles, Pan American's long established gateway.

You fly Pan American's Super "Strato" Clipper via Honolulu to San Francisco or Los Angeles (no U.S. visa required). Then fly by giant Super-8 Clipper without change of plane, to Guatemala, Panama, Caracas, onward Pan Am services also to Belmopan, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. Fast, frequent service also from Panama down the West Coast to Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires and all other major South American cities.

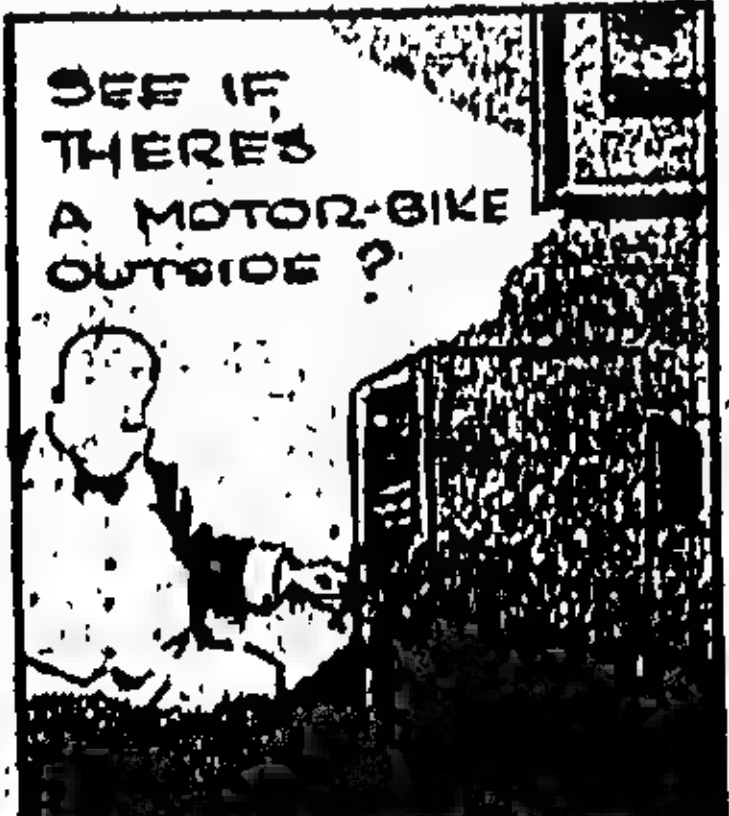
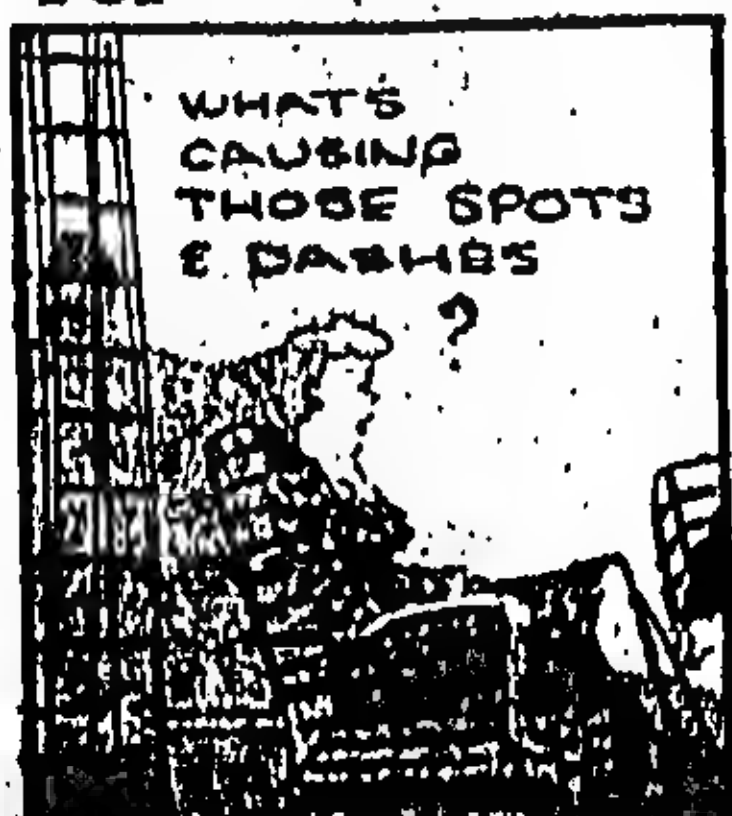
For reservations, call your travel agent or  
Alexandra House, Phone 37021, Hong Kong  
Panama Hotel, Phone 8-0011, New York  
Head Office, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

## PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Pan American World Airways, Inc. (Incorporated in the State of New York, U.S.A.) with licensed flying schools in the U.S.A. and abroad.

## POP





## Australians Are Tops At Tennis, Cricket, Swimming.... So....

# WHY SHOULDN'T THE AUSSIES STAR AT SOCCER TOO?

Says DON REVIE

An Australian businessman has invited me to go on a short summer tour to his country and ever since I have been inundated by questions from people asking: "Are you going to emigrate, Don?"

The answer is NO.

But I am very interested to see how the game is progressing over there. Australians are tops at tennis, cricket, swimming, almost any sport you can mention. They are natural ball players, and as we have seen from their fielding in cricket matches, they have a wonderful eye.

So why shouldn't they star at Soccer? Who knows, in a few more years, we may see England Soccer teams playing a series of Test matches in Australia.

And this may be only the start, for more and more of our professional players are getting invitations to go out to Australia, pioneering the game as coaches. Australia has given British football two grand characters: Ken Grievess, the Lancashire cricketer who is still keeping goal for Bolton Wanderers, and Joe Marston, the former Preston North End centre-half.

Marston made himself into one of the best centre-halves in this country, an imperturbable character, nothing seemed to upset him on the field. Now he is back in Sydney, and, if this tour comes off, I am hoping to see Joe Marston and his family in Australia to talk over old times.

Final details have still to be settled, but I am very grateful to my club, Manchester City, for agreeing to let me travel with certain provisions.

A BIG BOOST  
Although the game is in its infancy in Australia, I should imagine that the Soccer matches in the Olympic Games will be a big boost to the sport. Hun-

garian clockwork Soccer—and who can doubt that the Hungarians will be among the finalists for the Olympic title?—will fascinate the Australians as much as it has done us.

I admire, yet feel sorry for, our amateur footballers. Here they are, gaily going to the Olympic Games, all amateurs in the true sense of the word. Yet they know they haven't a chance against the highly geared State sponsored footballers from other lands.

It isn't fair, it hardly gives them a sporting chance—yet how British of these lads who go out for the love of the game.

In the Amateur Cup Final we had Harry Sharratt, the Bishop Auckland goalkeeper, actually preparing for the great occasion at a boys' camp in the District. Sharratt, a schoolteacher, went to the camp with the boys and spent much of his time doing 20 mile hikes.

It is a grand spirit, isn't it? But compare this with the way that the Hungarians and Russians train. The Hungarians, who thrashed our professional team 5-3 and 7-1, are amateurs—but they are remarkably lucky because so many of them are in the Army. They must

have some kind officers in their Army because they get so much time off for training in both football and athletics.

Some of these continental characters are shepherded into camps away from their wives and families. And in the case of the Hungarians, they have been kept training together for a month now.

This is the type of team which can enter the Olympics because the players don't actually receive payment for playing football. But who can deny that a benevolent State helps them so much that they are as highly trained as any professional teams over here?

Yet we still cling to our ideas of amateur status. I watched the Amateur Cup Final, and was struck by the quality of the play. When the game went into extra time, the lads were yards slower than the professionals; many went down with cramp. It was the old, old story of keen young amateurs playing for the love of the game, yet not quite fit enough for the supreme tests.

### BUSBY'S BOYS

Although I am in the rival camp, everyone at Manchester City's headquarters at Maine Road is delighted that Matt Busby's Manchester United youngsters have pulled off the League Championship.

There was a time when I was wondering whether their own cricket puer might tell on lads who have not had enough big match experience to be relaxed in tight games. But the Busby methods have paid off. Astonishing to think that the average age of this team is only 22 and that Ian Greaves came into the first team and has won a League Championship medal after about ten games. Yet Stan Matthews, after 25 years in football, has still to win a League Championship medal.

Nice to hear that Roger Byrne, United's captain, went up to Stan after that game with Blackpool which clinched the Championship. "I'm sorry we had to pip you of all people, Stan—maybe next year it will be your turn."

The fantastic thing about this Manchester United team is that, with luck and barring accidents, they should pick up a few more League titles in the next ten years. I have always maintained that in three years time they will be at their peak. And right now, I can't see which team is going to shake them.

Still football can be a funny game—so we'll wait and see.

Congratulations, too, to Bert Trautmann, for being voted Footballer of the Year. Naturally, we at Maine Road who know Bert intimately, feel that it could not have gone to a finer sportsman. I wonder what those poison pen letter writers think now—I hope they are heartily ashamed of themselves! (COPYRIGHT)

## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Billy Lane

By ARCHIE QUICK

Maximum points from their three Easter matches have kept Brighton and Hove Albion on the heels of Leyton Orient in the promotion race, but, Second Division for the first time or not for the Sussex club, its manager, Mr Billy Lane, is maintaining his wonderful record of success since he joined the club five years ago.

Immediately prior to his arrival, Brighton, under Mr Don Welsh—now with Liverpool—had finished fourteenth and last in the two preceding seasons. Mr Lane's record is fourth, seventh, second, sixth—and at the time of writing—second. He has done it by putting into practice attacking football, with the wing halves well up, not worrying about conceding goals so long as they score plenty. As they have done—over 100 in Cup and League.

Mr Lane, with his head of thick black hair does not look to be in the middle fifties, but he is eminently qualified to direct a football club, for he had sixteen active seasons in the League, three with his native Tottenham, two with Leicester City, one with Reading, three with Brentford, four with Watford, two with Bristol City and one with Clapton Orient.

Since then he served three years on the Brentford staff, was manager of Guildford City for three years and has been with Brighton five. He also played football while in the Army, and appeared in the same team as Frank Swift, Tommy Lawton etc when he was 42 years of age.

### STILL UNIQUE FEAT

He scored over 250 League goals from centre-forward, 109 of them for Brentford, and 37 in the 1929-30 season when Brentford accomplished the still unique feat of winning every one of their 21 home League matches. He still holds the Watford goal scoring record, and a claim to fame is that he did the "hat trick" in three minutes against, of all people, his present deadly Orient rivals.

Mr Lane has garnered in a lot of money for Brighton by selling Jack Mansell (now with Portsmouth), to Cardiff City. Johnny McNichol to Chelsea and Billy Reed to Ipswich Town. He has with great success switched, in his present team, Whitfield from forward to centre half, Blissett from forward to full back, Langley from wing to full back, Tennant from full back to half and so on.

But his greatest triumph has been Jim Langley, who has won an England "B" "Cup" this season, toured the West Indies and is off to South Africa with the FA.

Mr Lane has signed Langley FOUR times! Once as a Viewless amateur for Brentford, once as an eighteen-year-old soldier in the RAMC for Guildford, once as a professional for Guildford, and once for Brighton after Langley had been transferred by Guildford to Leeds United. His faith in his original 15-year-old has been justified up to the hilt.

### GOALSCORING RECORD

Bob Price plays centre-forward for St James's Athletic in the Sutton (Birmingham) Youth League. He has scored matches—81 goals in 28 matches

## SPORTS ROUNDOUP

# ALL STARS COMMITTEE TO CONSIDER SPAIN'S CHALLENGE FOR TWO MATCHES

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

England's crowd-pulling All Stars have started a movement with full FA approval which is gaining ground in other countries and developing on international lines.

All Stars committee will shortly consider a challenge from Spain's old-time internationals anxious to come to England and play them two matches.

Hon. secretary Bob Jackson, former Portsmouth and Hull manager, tells me he's keen on the idea, provided two clubs with ample accommodation and floodlighting will loan their grounds.

Chance here for London, Sheffield or Manchester to stage the Soccer arts and sciences featuring the Matthews, Carters, Doherty, Hagans and Co.

Brigg Town product, Barry Horsfield has rejoined Scunthorpe. He's shining well at centre-halfback following two years overseas with the RAF.

North-East tennis tournament ambitions of glamorous Pat Symons, former backstroke swimming champion, are deferred by an appendix operation.

This will be an all-round sporting event with surgeon Bobbie Rutherford, Newcastle United director and 1947 Northumberland county amateur goal champion, doing the removal job.

### MATT-CHIESS

How about Allenby Chilton as "Manager of the Year"? asks reader H. Lovthian, of Grimsby, who adds: "See you in the Second Division next season." Fine, but what about Allenby's old Manchester United boss, Matt Busby?

Pity the poor Press telephonist when Spartak (Yugoslavia) play Hull on Wednesday, Lincoln on April 23, and Fulham three days later. Sample is: BRANISAVLJEVICS, one of six inter-

nationals who, I am assured, is "faster than the racing horse."

NOT SO DUSTY  
They're demolishing a borough dustcart depot to build a Middlesex cricket school with provision for five indoor pitches. Site is adjoining Finchley's ground, where Arsenal skipper Cliff Hutton gets his Middlesex County trial on April 25-26.

Disappointment at Bridgewater. Football followers there will miss seeing the Matthews magic—by a foot. Stanley has written to the Maurice Tremlett benefit organisers informing them that a troublesome foot injury restricts his midweek football activities and prevents him turning out on April 25.

### HANDICAP

Bristol City would like to play their Youth Cup semi-final second leg in midweek by floodlight but this would seriously handicap Cheltenham, whose players are working lads with difficulty in getting time off for Soccer.

It would most certainly rule out 16-year-old Johnny Brooks, their play-anywhere forward. He is still studying at Staveley Grammar School. (COPYRIGHT)

## INTERNATIONAL SOCCER

# Eternal Problem Of A Satisfactory Attack Remains Unsolved

English football faces two grim facts. Professionally, the eternal problem of a satisfactory international attack remains, with games against Germany, Brazil, Sweden and Finland only a month away. In the amateur ranks, no settled team has been found to face Bulgaria in the second "leg" of the Olympic Games qualifying tie at Wembley—all in May.

The Hampden International blew sky high the Selectors' hopes that their worries are over. The defence passed the test against Scotland; the forwards—Johnny Haynes excepted—failed dismally.

The game proved that Tommy Taylor is a centre-forward first, last and all the time; not an inside-right. If a right-winger of the ball playing type is to be preferred to a fast rubber then it must be Stanley Matthews and not Tom Finney. And the fact must be accepted that Nat Lofthouse is passed his peak.

Who then? Matthews, I would say, must come back once more; if the Selectors shy at the idea, then speedy, goal-scoring Peter Harris, of Portsmouth, is the man. Taylor, I think, is the man for the centre-forward job. Albert Quixall, of Wednesday, played well in conjunction with Haynes in the Sheffield "B" International against Scotland. So my front line against Brazil would be—Matthews, Quixall, Taylor, Haynes and Perry.

### DEFENSIVE CHANGES

I do not expect any defensive changes, and here Reg Matthews, the first Third Division player to get a "fully" cap for thirty years, made a wonderful debut. The Coventry City man can be England's goalkeeper for years. The best since the heyday of Bert Williams.

The amateur situation is serious. It looks as though the competition proper, being played in a Commonwealth country for the first time, will not in-

clude the Mother Country, the founder of the game. Having been beaten 2-0 in Bulgaria, the return match must be won by a three-goal margin. It looks an impossibility.

The team will be drawn from England only, although labelled Great Britain. No Scottish players will be included although the Queen's Park club have practically won promotion from "B" Division against all professional opposition. That is just the reason for the Olympic omission of their players. The Games come in November and the Glasgow club want their players for their "A" Division campaign.

But why have Ireland and Wales been excluded from the reckoning? Ireland's cricket forward Pat Hasty and Welsh Phil Woosnam (the Leyton Orient and Army player) are good enough for any Olympic team. Up to now the all-conquering Bishop Auckland players have been ignored and so too have the Chelsea pair, Jim Lewis and Scamius O'Connor. These four should form the nucleus of any English amateur side. Australia expects us to be there!

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. It is awarded annually to the man who has done most in the cause of speed. Current holder is Donald Campbell.
2. Ferenc Puskas, Ian John, son, Archie Moore and Cliff Morgan.
3. Rowing and horse-racing.
4. True.
5. British Boxing Board of Control, Rugby Football Union and International Boxing Club.
6. Arsenal.
7. C.B. Fry.
8. Jeffries, Johnson and Willard.
9. 25 miles.
10. Today's shirt has the number of the player's position on the back.
11. Helen Wills—eight.
12. Five.
13. Ice-skating, golf and lawn and table tennis.
14. Wrestling.
15. Pascual Perez—fly-weight.
16. Wrestling, weight-lifting, cricket and baseball.
17. Seven.
18. Cricket—Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.
19. Jack Dempsey v. Gene Tunney in 1926, it attracted 120,787 spectators.
20. Two—C. B. Fry and Don Bradman.

**1790**  
SANDERMAN  
SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies



Available everywhere \$18.50 per Bottle  
Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

Against skin disease and itching

**Mitigal**

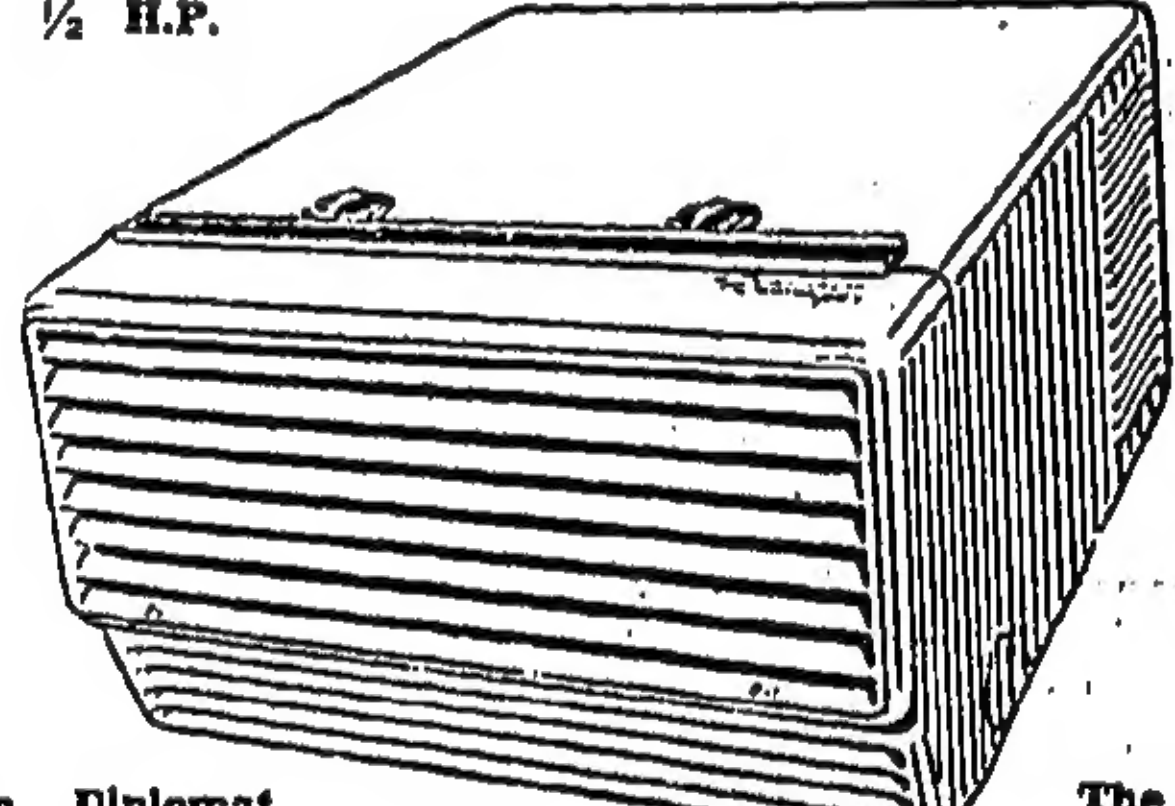
GENUINE BAYER PRODUCT, MANUFACTURED IN LEVERKUSEN, GERMANY

The Answer To  
Your Air Conditioning Problems!

**Remington**

Offers the "Right-Size" capacity  
for cooling in any house, shop, office, etc.

The Bedfellow 1 1/2 H.P. The Professional 1 1/2 H.P.



The Diplomat 1 H.P. The Superaire 1 1/2 H.P.

HIRE-PURCHASE PLAN AVAILABLE

Sole Agents

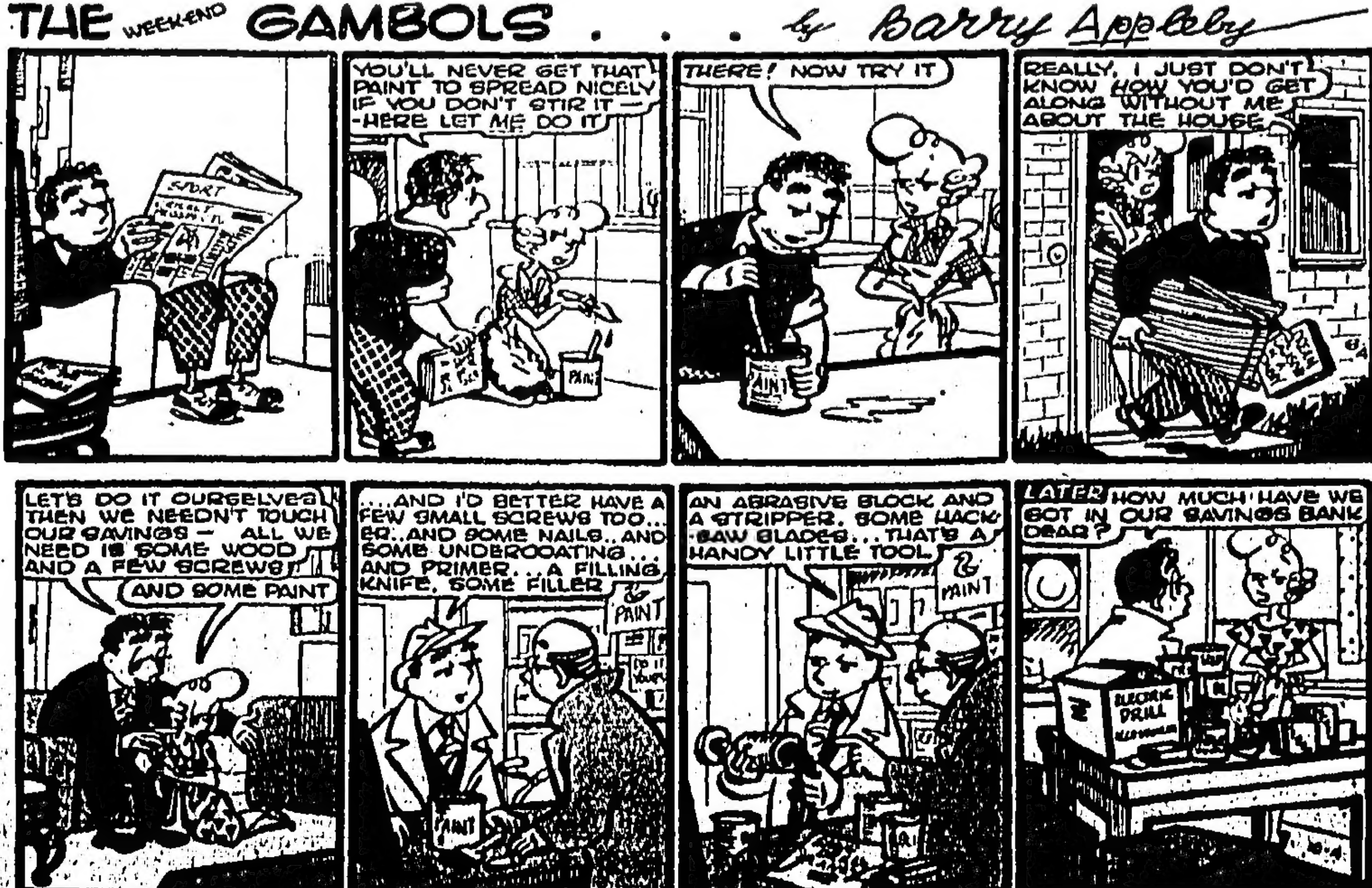
**U. SPALINGER & CO., LTD.**

Engineering Dept.

637-641 Alexandra House. Tel: 37061

• ROUND THE CLOCK SERVICE •

**THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS** by Barry Appleby



YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT PAINT TO SPREAD NICELY IF YOU DON'T STIR IT—HERE LET ME DO IT

THERE! NOW TRY IT

REALLY, I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'D GET ALONG WITHOUT ME ABOUT THE HOUSE

LET'S DO IT OURSELVES! WHEN WE NEEDN'T TOUCH OUR SAVINGS—ALL WE NEED IS SOME WOOD AND A FEW SCREWS! (AND SOME PAINT)

AND I'D BETTER HAVE A FEW SMALL SCREWS TOO, AND SOME NAILS, AND SOME UNDERCOATING, AND PRIMER, AND A FILLING KNIFE, SOME FILLER, AND SOME PAINT

AN ABRASIVE BLOCK AND A STRIPPER, SOME SAND-BAV GLASS, THAT'S A HANDY LITTLE TOOL

LATER, HOW MUCH HAVE WE GOT IN OUR SAVINGS BANK?

**BURROUGHS**  
BEFEATER  
LONDON  
DRY GIN



SOLE AGENTS: SWIRE & MACLAIN LTD.

**GOLDEN CHURN**



...better butter

Sole Agents: SWIRE & MACLAIN LTD.

**PAL**

**AIR CARGO SERVICE**

**SIX** flights weekly to **MANILA**

CONNECTING: INDONESIA, GUAM, AUSTRALIA, U.S.A. & EUROPE.

**PAL PHILIPPINE AIR LINES**











GEORGE KENT & CO., LTD.  
WATER METERS, STEAM METERS,  
OIL METERS, GAS METERS,  
CONTROLLERS, & RECORDERS.

ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.  
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

## Lady In Waiting

ALL the clocks in town seemed to be engaged on a go-slow strike. The hours had marched at mourners' pace, but at last they had reached the time of night that meant so much to him.

Mahmoud hastened his footsteps through the West End to his favourite restaurant.

It was not only the excellence of the food that made the restaurant in Mahmoud's gentle eyes so pleasing. There was a waitress there who, who was so graceful, so enchanting, that the simplest meal, served by her, became a banquet.

THROUGH the restaurant's swinging doors, Mahmoud swung, a slim, delicately featured young man, whose grace of movement even an expensive-looking tulle-coat could not quite conceal.

He made for the group of tables the lovely waitress served. He thought to eat a small meal quickly, then meet her as he had arranged when he came off duty at midnight.

Then Mahmoud's troubles began. All the tables at which his waitress served were occupied, but at one there was one empty seat.

GET OUT AT the other three places at this table, American servicemen were taking supper. Politely Mahmoud addressed them, and asked if he might share their table.

"Sure, go ahead," one American said, Mahmoud said.

"Here you," said another of the party he had joined. "Get out of it, don't want none of your sort here," Mahmoud smiled, hoping to turn away what perhaps was temporary wrath. But the opposition grew louder, a clumsy blow was aimed, a manager hurried up, all four at the table were asked to leave.

Mahmoud put his tulle-coat over his arm and left the others left too. Outside there was some scuffling on the pavement. A policeman appeared, noticed the smell of drink on Mahmoud's breath, and arrested him for being drunk and disorderly.

"When I saw him," the policeman presently reported to the Bow Street magistrate, "he had his coat off and was shaping up to fight the Americans." "I was fighting them? Or they were trying to beat me up?" Mahmoud asked. The policeman did not answer, but added to his evidence the fact that Mahmoud had £23 in his pocket.

12 HOURS TO MIDNIGHT MAHMOUD went into the witness-box and swore on the Koran to tell the truth. "I asked one of the Americans if I might sit there," he said, "and when I sat down, another of them punched me, then we were asked to leave. I wasn't drunk at all, though I had had a drink or two in the evening."

"If thought your religion did not allow you to drink," said the magistrate, with a kindly understanding look in his eye. "That is so," Mahmoud said, "strictly, I shouldn't, but you know how these things are."

The magistrate smiled broadly and nodded to show that he did. "Well, I think it's a pity your religion didn't have a stronger effect on you on this occasion," he said, "pay 10s., please."

Mahmoud nodded and smiled, an stride off with a lithe, springing step. Going, he glanced at the court clock. It showed close on midnight.

Later the hours might begin to drag again but just then, said the cheerful look in his eye, the 12 hours to midnight seemed but a trifle of time.

## Robot Win Quiz

Amsterdam, Apr. 20. A French-speaking robot at the Amsterdam laboratories of the Royal Dutch Shell Corporation today won a quiz put by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

The Prince posed the question: "On what day of the week did February 29th, 1955, fall?" "Abund," replied the robot, in impeccable French—France-Press.

Printed and published by WILLIAM ALICE GRINHAM for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong.

# CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1956.

## Ike Looks To London For A Clue On Mid East

By Ralph Harris

Washington, Apr. 20.

The Eisenhower Administration is looking to the talks between British and Soviet leaders in London to provide the clearest clue to date about the prospects of avoiding war in the Middle East.

Authoritative sources said today that while Washington welcomed the success of the United Nations Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the United Nations Secretary-General, it would be naive to assume that the Israeli-Egyptian ceasefire agreement settled the problem and that the world could stop worrying about the Middle East crisis.

### Important Statement

They said the most difficult part of the task of restoring stability and confidence to the area had only just begun with Mr. Hammarskjöld's success in his negotiations with Israeli and Egyptian leaders.

President Eisenhower himself is due to make an important statement on the Middle East when he addresses an editors' convention here tomorrow. He is expected to express the full support of the United States behind the United Nations' and Mr. Hammarskjöld's efforts to bring peace to the Middle East and to welcome moves by other nations, including the Soviet Union, who are willing to give similar assurances.

But authoritative sources here strongly discount suggestions that Mr. Eisenhower is preparing to announce a new United States policy on the Middle East in the immediate future.

### Firm Assessment

Elaboration of United States policy—which emphasises a Middle East solution through the machinery of the United Nations—is not expected to emerge until the outcome of the

Anglo-Soviet talks is known and until Mr. Hammarskjöld himself has recommended specific measures to continue the search for a Middle East peace settlement.

### Bargaining

Informed officials here said it was hoped that the London talks would provide the answers to such questions as:

Is the Soviet Union willing to end the arms race in the Middle East by stopping or slowing down Communist arms shipments to Egypt?

Is Moscow willing to take other measures to provide that it genuinely desires a Middle East settlement?

Or is the new Soviet statement the prelude for full-scale bargaining in the hope of forcing concessions from the West on disarmament, German re-unification and other East-West disputes?—Reuter.

## Jungschlaeger Memorial

The Hague, Apr. 20.

A monument is to be erected in the Netherlands to commemorate Leon Jungschlaeger, Netherlands citizen who died in Djakarta yesterday, while being tried by the Indonesian authorities on charges of treason.

The memorial will be built in Maastricht, where Jungschlaeger was born 32 years ago. It will stand in the town's main square, close to the monument commemorating the liberation of the Netherlands in 1945.

A Jungschlaeger committee has begun raising funds for the monument.—France-Press.

## HK Orchestra In Canton

Paris, Apr. 20.

The orchestra of the Hongkong Sino-British Club, headed by Miss Tan Pao-lan, arrived in Canton today for a performance tour at the invitation of the South China Federation of Literary and Art Circles, the New China News Agency reported.

The visitors were met at the railway station by Mr. OuYang Shan, President of the South China Federation of Literary and Art Circles, and in the evening were feasted at a dinner given by the Federation, the agency added.—France-Press.

## 4 Spaniards On Trial

Madrid, Apr. 20.

Four Spaniards, all aged under 30, will be tried in a provincial affairs court on Monday on charges of printing and distributing anti-Government propaganda after the university riots here last February.

The defendants were arrested last month in San Sebastian in connection with leaflets attacking the Ministry of the Interior. The leaflets called for the release of political prisoners who were freed in the February riots.—France-Press.

## BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

A	N	D	S	P	T
O	R	T	E	E	
O	V	E	R	R	A
		A	G	A	
R	E	M	A	I	N
A	R	E	N	E	A
T	A	R	S	T	V

TAKE THE TAIL OFF: Adam, Ada, ad.

TRIANGLE: S, L, P, R, A, L, E, A, S, T, A, R, S.

REHEADING: Score, core, ore, re.

WACKY COMPASS: A penny moved in a penny earned.

LANGUAGE PUZZLE: 1-4, 2-3, 3-4, 4-5, 5-6, 6-7, 7-8, 8-9, 9-10, 10-11, 11-12.

FAVORITE RULERS: 1. Ivan the Terrible, 2. Alexander the Great, 3. William the Conqueror, 4. Suleiman the Magnificent, 5. Elizabeth the First, 6. Richard the Lionhearted, 7. Charles the Bold, 8. Buddha the Enlightened, 9. Napoleon the Little, 10. Louis XI the Cripple.

WHY, WHAT, WHERE: 1. Because he carries a fine corn, 2. A horse, 3. Because you see them in patches, 4. The stalk brings them down, 5. Because they both grow down, 6. A husband, 7. The mocking bird.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I don't doubt you got 'A' in chemistry and physics. Dad—but we've got atomic stuff to handle, and all you had in those days was firecrackers!"

## DANGEROUS RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT SUBSTANCE

Philadelphia, Apr. 20.

Dr. Willard Libby, a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission said today that the greatest concentration of strontium—probably the most dangerous radioactive substance produced by tests of nuclear weapons—could be expected in about 1975.

But even then he told a meeting of the American Philosophical Society here it was estimated that this amount of strontium would be only about 100th part of the amount it believed the human body can tolerate safely.

Dr. Libby based his figures given to the Society's annual meeting on the present level of weapons testing. The 1975 estimate apparently referred to fallout from weapons already tested.

### Upsetting Nature

He said extensive tests indicated that the expected fall of radioactive strontium which can cause bone cancer would not be a "significant factor" in human health or in upsetting nature's plant animal mineral balance.

He said nature had provided built-in safety mechanisms which might reduce the danger further. For instance, he said milk on the average contains only one-sixth of the radioactive strontium which may be eaten by a cow.—Reuter.

### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

UNDULATED Neat Feet Flat Fit  
Big Pig Whistle Wet Vet Vat Cask  
Tuck Job Bob Uncle Pawn Chess  
Cross Dress Brown Drops Crops Chop  
Mutton Hutton Leonard Leopard  
Spots Pops Cops Sops Fops Tots  
Golf Pig Figs Ebb Bobs Frodo  
Dead Swing Full Fell Swoon Sworn  
Spoon Silver LINING.

## Algerian Problem Can Be Settled

Paris, Apr. 20.

A solution of the Algerian problem can be reached if the Government manifests national unity, Defence Minister Maurice Bourges-Manoury, told the Radical Party Congress today.

"We are lucky to have the Socialist Party with us, and we must not abandon it," he added.

Mr. Bourges-Manoury went on: "It is difficult to fight rebels and at the same time to talk of negotiation. This situation has one thing in common with the Indo-China war: our adversaries employ guerrilla warfare and psychological warfare as written down in all Soviet handbooks for agitators."

### Not For Repression

M. Bourges-Manoury then went on to speak of the French Army in Algeria. "Our army is not an army for repression," he said.

He went on: "We all agree that reinforcements must be sent to Algeria. And we agree that there must be a fundamental aim. Let us therefore unite in this party, in the country, in the Government, and everywhere."—France-Press.

## Rediffusion

H.K.T. Noon, Tune Times: 12.30 p.m. Music by 10th: 1. Pipes of Melody; 1.15 News, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 1.30. Mantovani Memories; 2. Just for You—Presented by Paula; 3. Wayne King Serenade; 3.30. Secrets of Scotland Yard; 4. In the Morgan Manor; 4.30. Rhythm Parade; 5. Unit Requests—Presented by Linda; 5.30. Calumma's Own Royal Regiment. (Recorded); 6. Birthday Mailbag; 6.30. Rediffusion's Jazz Club; 6.50. Jockey Magic; 6.55. Football Commentary—Sing Tao v. South China—Direct Broadcast from the Hongkong Club Stadium; 7.10. Melody Magic (Continued); 7.30. Music Travelogue; 8. Time Signal and the News; 8.50. Weather Report and Announcements; 9.15. Miami and Moonlight; 9.30. Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and News of the Colony's Sports and Spectators; 9. The Shrimp Hit Parade; 9.30. Dance Music played by the Royal Air Force (Far East) Dance Band—Specially recorded by Rediffusion; 10. The Two Elizabeths; 10.30. Music from Windsor House; 11. Date for the Week; 12. Midnight; "God Save the Queen"; Close Down.

SHEAFFER'S  
ADMIRAL SNORKEL PEN



EXECUTORS  
and  
TRUSTEES  
for the  
COLONY  
and the  
FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI  
BANK  
HONGKONG (TRUSTEE)  
LIMITED

The Trustee Company of  
The Hongkong and Shanghai  
Banking Corporation  
Hong Kong

### NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR  
THE PREVENTION OF  
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Beaconsfield Arcade,  
Queen's Road, Central.  
Tel. Day 37870, Night 37594  
HELP THE H.K.  
S.P.C.A.

### TO HELP ALL ANIMALS

Life Membership ..... \$100.00  
Annual Subscription ..... 10.00 a year  
Junior Membership ..... 1.00 a year  
Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to:  
Mr. T. W. FRIPP,  
Honorary Treasurer,  
Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd.,  
P. & O. Building,  
Hong Kong.

### HONGKONG COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

To co-ordinate the activities of  
voluntary welfare organisations, and  
to promote the knowledge and  
practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly supplied  
by the Secretary, Office: 403  
China Building, Tel. 21100.

### TO ADVERTISERS

SUNDAY POST-HERALD  
Space for commercial  
advertising should be  
booked not later than  
noon on Wednesdays.

For the SOUTH CHINA  
MORNING POST and the  
CHINA MAIL, 48 hours  
before date of publication.

Special Announcements  
and Classified Advertisements  
as usual.

## CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG  
PUBLISHED DAILY  
(AFTERNOONS)

Price, 20 cents per copy,  
Saturdays 30 cents.  
Subscription: \$6.00 per month.  
Postage: China and Macao \$2.00  
per month, U.S. British Possessions  
and other countries \$7.00 per month.  
News contributions, always welcome,  
should be addressed to the  
Editor, China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street,  
Telephone: 26011 (3 Lines).  
KOWLOON OFFICE:  
Saiyuen Road  
Telephone: 6415.

### Classified

Advertisements  
20 WORDS \$4.00  
for 1 DAY PREPAID  
ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS  
\$2.00 PER DAY  
10 cents PER WORD OVER 20  
Births, Deaths, Marriages,  
Personal \$5.00 per insertion  
not exceeding 25 words, 25  
cents each additional word.  
ALTERNATE INSERTIONS  
10% EXTRA  
If not prepaid a booking fee  
of 50 cents is charged.

### PREMISES TO LET

KOWLOON  
NEW HIGH CLASS garden flats in  
Kowloon, 3 bedrooms, study room  
and sitting room, or 2 bedrooms with  
extra large sitting room, Garden area  
4,000 square feet. European amenities  
only. Apply telephone 64500 from  
9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

### MUSICAL

SUGGESTED POPULAR RECORDS  
Linda's latest, "After Midnight"  
and Cole Porter songs, compiled  
Records Series, Three Penny Opera  
starting June, 1956. (Continued)  
Russell songs vol. 1 & 2, Victor  
Records, etc., Essex, Alexandria  
House, room 150, telephones 3010,  
3587.

### WANTED KNOWN

HOME & OFFICE STATIONERY  
Address and note books, children's  
books, charts, etc. Very wide range  
is available at South China  
Mailing Post, Limited, Hong Kong  
and subsidiary Road, Kowloon. Trade  
enquiries invited.

### CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH  
The Mission to Seamen,  
40 Gloucester Road,  
Tel. 7421.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion,  
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.  
(Other services arranged at any  
time by request.)

### NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"PERSEUS"  
Damaged cargo ex this vessel will  
be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen &  
Boyes-Davy at Hoia's Wharf from  
10 a.m. on April 23 and 24, 1956,  
and consignees are requested to have  
their representatives present during  
the survey.  
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,  
Agents.  
Hong Kong, April 20, 1956.

## THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., INC.

has moved to  
NEW SPACIOUS PREMISES  
in  
YORK BUILDING, 13 CHATER ROAD



FULL BANKING SERVICE — AMERICAN EXPRESS  
TRAVELERS CHEQUES, MONEY ORDERS AND LETTERS  
OF CREDIT — AIR, STEAMSHIP, RAIL AND HOTEL  
RESERVATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...

### NOTICE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS  
As from 23rd April, 1956  
CHINA UNDERWRITERS, LTD.

will remove to:  
GLOUCESTER BUILDING,  
Third Floor,  
HONG KONG.

Telephone number — 28121

remain unchanged.

Quench Summer Thirsts  
with Delicious  
**Sunkist**  
FRUIT JUICES  
Refreshing and Vitamin Packed  
Quick Frozen Concentrates:  
Orange Juice — Lemonade —  
Pink Lemonade.  
Non-Frozen Concentrates:  
Orangeade & Lemonade.  
**The Dairy Farm**  
THE DAIRY FARM, ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.